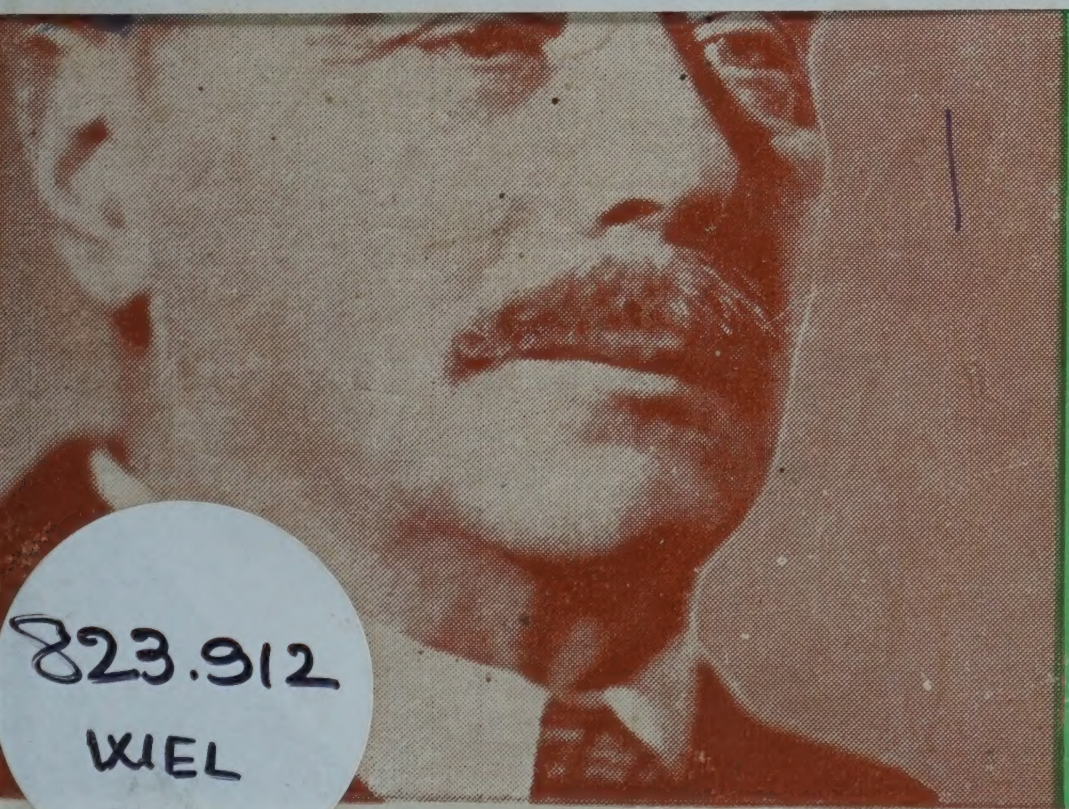
1246 Rare
Ts Selections from
H.G. Wells
A: H.G. Wells.
ಪರಾಮರ್ಶನ ಗ್ರಂಥ
Acc No: 107641
ಅಕ್ಷರ ಗ್ರಂಥಾಲಯ
ಕನ್ನಡ ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯ, ಹಂಪಿ
ವಿದ್ಯಾರಣ್ಯ.



823.912
WEL

Macmillan

ಗ್ರಂಥಾಲಯ

ಕನ್ನಡ ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯ, ಹಂಪಿ

ವಿದ್ಯಾರಣ್ಯ.

ಅಕ್ಷರ ಗ್ರಂಥಾಲಯ
ಕನ್ನಡ ವಿ.ವಿ., ಹಂಪಿ.

CONTENTS

	FOREWORD	iv
	INTRODUCTION	v
I	COLLEGE EDUCATION	1
II	THE PROBABLE FUTURE OF MANKIND ..	11
III	THE RISE AND SPREAD OF BUDDHISM ..	25
IV	THE STOLEN BACILLUS	49
V	THE MARTIANS HAVE LANDED!	59
VI	THE ECOLOGICAL OUTLOOK	73
VII	CANDOUR	82
VIII	A SHORT HISTORY OF LEISURE	87
IX	WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?	97
	NOTES	113

AKSHARA GRANTHALAYA
ACC.NO. 107641

ಎಸ್.ಎಸ್. ಹಿರೇಮಠ
ನಿವೃತ್ತ ಪ್ರಾಂಶುಪಾಲರು
ಬೆಳಗಾವಿ

FOREWORD

The object of these selections is to stimulate in the student an interest in problems confronting mankind today, as anticipated and explained by H. G. Wells, one of the greatest thinkers of modern times. These selections naturally include his attempt to inspire awareness through historical study and analysis. Two pieces of fiction have been included in a book of discursive prose, because they inspire a vision of things so topical and so urgent. The editor hopes that the book answers the need for re-thinking and re-assessment by young minds of problems in which they are immediately and deeply involved.

INTRODUCTION

The Life of H. G. Wells

Herbert George Wells, novelist, sociologist, historian and Utopian, was born at Bromley, Kent, on September 21, 1886. His father Joseph Wells, a gardener turned small shopkeeper, was also a fine cricketer who earned a little money by acting as professional for the local teams, and even played for the county of Kent for two years. His mother was Sarah (Neal) Wells who was lady's maid and later housekeeper in a large country-house called Up Park, in the village of South Harting in Sussex. Joseph and Sarah Wells had three sons, a daughter having died early. Herbert was the youngest. He was thus distinctly of the lower middle class, and this fact of his origin was something he never sought to hide even at the height of his fame; he described it with poignant sympathy and rich humour in several of his best novels. It was a small world, and the landscape for Bertie was unorganised, distorted and grotesque. The disordered shop did not yield a living, and Joseph Wells tried little to improve things. Mrs Wells held the home together, doing all she could to keep the growing boys respectable, and give the training that would help them to become decent tradesmen.

So H. G. Wells, before he was fourteen, was tried as a shop assistant. After one or two false starts, he was apprenticed successively to a draper and a druggist, getting, during the period, a good deal of schooling, primarily at the Midhurst Grammar School. From this too he returned home, eager to learn, and goaded persistently by the feeling that he was meant by destiny for something better. By now Sarah Wells,

after a brief and unsuccessful attempt to manage shop and home, was back at Up Park as housekeeper, and during his months of idleness there the young Wells was allowed the use of the library, and read Swift and Johnson, Voltaire and Tom Paine. At this stage he was lucky enough to find a friend and employer in the headmaster of Midhurst Grammar School. From this moment things began to go right. For the first time he had a chance to do some deep study, and before long he began to pass examinations, showing such especial and unusual ability in science that, at eighteen, he was offered a scholarship to the Normal School of Science (afterwards the Royal College of Science) at South Kensington in London, to receive training as a teacher. It was a golden chance, because he was taught zoology by no less a person than Thomas Henry Huxley, friend and defender of Charles Darwin, and prominent both as scientist and educationist. Wells's biographers say that, with a little more encouragement from the great man, he would have remained a biologist. Instead he left that institution without taking a degree. But his works show that he was never to lose the rapture of that first vision.

He now took to teaching as a career, mostly working as a private tutor in science, notably under the father of A. A. Milne, novelist and playwright. He also worked as an external student and took his B.Sc. degree from London University with First Class honours. This period also saw Wells's first incursions into journalism, encouraged chiefly by Frank Harris, then editor of the *Fortnightly Review*.

In 1891, when he was twenty-four, Wells married his first cousin, Isabel Mary Williams. Within five years the marriage turned out a hampering failure and they were divorced. He soon married Amy Catherine Robbins, one of his students

107641

823.912
WEL

—a romance which he has described with admirable directness and honesty in *The Book of Catherine Wells* and in his autobiography. Jane, as he called the new Mrs. Wells, was a remarkable woman who always stood by him in the difficult days ahead, and helped him for years as his secretary, typing his manuscripts, correcting his proofs, acting as hostess to an increasing multitude of visitors and suffering his moral lapses with stoic and understanding resignation.

It was at this time that Wells started seriously to write. He began with articles to journals and short stories, and steadily the output increased, writing one book and then following it, as if by magic, with a dozen others, at one time actually publishing nine works of fiction in two years. In the first phase of his active literary career he wrote the 'scientific romances', *The Time Machine* (1895), *The Wonderful Visit* (1895), *The Stolen Bacillus and Other Stories* (1895), *The Island of Dr. Moreau* (1896), *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), *The First Men in the Moon* (1901), and others. In writing them he was doing what had never been done before in the English language and what has never been done since with such vivid freshness. They satisfied the curiosity aroused in the minds of men by a rush of new inventions, so novel and so startling. They were different from the works of Jules Verne and bubbled with new notions that anticipated what was in the minds of other men. They were fantastic but convincing, thrilling but credible—the products of a mind ruthlessly active and coolly amused at its own power.

Successful as these fantasies were, Wells's great period as a novelist began, about 1905, with *Kipps: The Story of a Simple Soul.* Here he discovered a field suited to the hitherto undiscovered capacity of his genius—the power to mix humour

with tender sympathy. He began to deal with the world he knew, instead of the world he dreamed about. He had already made a gesture in that direction with *The Wheels of Chance* (1896) and *Love and Mr. Lewisham* (1900), but it was *Kipps* that set the mould. The best of the novels were *Tono-Bungay* (1909), *Ann Veronica* (1909), *The History of Mr. Polly* (1910), *The New Machiavelli* (1911), *Mr Britling Sees It Through* (1916) and *The World of William Clissold* (1926). In them Wells surveyed the disintegration of the old-time strongholds of tradition and privilege, drawing a great deal from his own life and experiences and depicting real-life characters with a Dickensian sense of reality.

Meanwhile, in 1903, under the influence of Bernard Shaw and Sidney and Beatrice Webb, he had joined the Fabian Society, a socialist organisation. But his association with it was not very long. It ended when he made a conscious effort to inspire the members with his own ideas, and failed.

The First World War, its trials and sufferings and its grim warning, had a profound impact on Wells. A sense of oncoming doom filled his mind. He felt the outlook for *homo sapiens* to be really gloomy. He took upon himself the task of educating men in preparation for the founding of a World State. With this in view he produced three major works, *The Outline of History* (1920), *The Science of Life* (1929) (written in collaboration with Julian Huxley and his son G. P. Wells) and *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* (1932). In less ambitious works like *The Salvaging of Civilization* (1921) and *World Brain* (1938) he reiterated the same theme. It was also during this period that he did a lot of self-searching, publishing in 1934 his *Experiment in Autobiography*.

As the years passed, his outlook grew less and less optimistic. Some of his later novels are bitterly satirical. Ill and

ageing, the outbreak of the Second World War made him lose all confidence in man. So, in *The Outlook for Homo Sapiens* (1942) and *Mind at the End of its Tether* (1945), he depicted the bleak vision of a world in which nature had rejected man and was destroying him. He died on August 13, 1946.

H. G. Wells, as man and writer, was always a controversial figure. But his achievement was incredibly various and voluminous. His was an analytical mind, but at times it could raise itself to the heights of imaginative power. So he knew man and saw a great deal in his vision of what the future of man was going to be. We can say with conviction that ' one day when there is planetary peace, men may turn again to the voluminous work of a writer who, prodding at his generation and stirring them from their blind lethargy, lifted them imaginatively over the bridge they had to cross from the days before Darwin to the days after Hiroshima.' (Lovat Dickson).

H. G. Wells as a Writer

H. G. Wells, as the foregoing account of his life shows, was one of the most versatile of English writers, one whose work, taken as a whole, reached gigantic proportions. In a sense he was typical of our times, with its growing indifference to classes and creeds and its basic acceptance of the equity of man. He climbed out of poverty and semi-illiteracy, achieved swift triumph as a writer and gained admission into the society of the highest intellectuals. His production of books was prolific, their variety astounding, and the earnings from them particularly large. Starting from scratch, he seized the chances that came his way and fought tradition, custom and well-rooted prejudice to reach the status of a world figure. He has been aptly described as 'a Rockfeller or Andrew

Carnegie of letters.' Very well could G. K. Chesterton call him 'a friend of mine and a friend of man', and confess how the vast variety of his work, 'ranging from towering visions to tiny pricks of humour', overwhelmed him.

What one notices first about Wells is the sheer creative force of his imagination, his mental energy and his capacity to bring together a number of facts in a stimulating way. In the scientific romances that energy 'burst out with the exuberance of poetry and gave us the myth of our times', while in the comic novels it created characters more vigorously alive than any since those of Dickens. Science fascinated him, but his vision, without being mechanical, thought of new forms of life, of strange beasts and flowers, of miraculous changes in man himself. When he had had enough of these fantasies, he turned to man as he knew him in the streets and shops of his boyhood, picturing him with a realism that was tinged with beauty. He had an uncanny flair for what was coming and he spent his last years persistently warning the human race of the terrible fate that awaited it. Three decades after his death, his fantasies seem to come closer to being real and his warnings ring in our ears with unabated force.

Wells's novels can be divided into three categories. First come the fantastic, pseudo-scientific stories of his early years —works like *The Time Machine*, *The Wonderful Visit*, *The Invisible Man*, *The War of the Worlds* and *The First Men in the Moon*. They stimulate the imagination with the very realism of their appeal. Wells seems to improvise situations for the sheer joy of it, and we feel ourselves carried away. These stories afford something more than the cheap tricks of the scientific thriller-writer; they are not a mere assemblage of creeps, spells and horrors; in them is 'the steady reminder that

science is not always beneficent, that outside the little envelope of our human life a great ordered universe swings through dimensions unimaginable to our minds, that outside the flickering shadow by which science has enabled us to see something of its wonders, is.... " darkness still ". (Lovat Dickson).

In the novels of the middle period, the accent shifts from science to society. From imaginary worlds and fantastic situations, Wells comes down to the England of his day and translates his own personal experiences into tale after tale. Nostalgia brings into the open all his literary powers, and a hidden well of humour gushes up, catching light and burning with the warmth of sympathy and kindliness. The flame is brightest in the four comedies, *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay* and *The History of Mr. Polly*, with two lesser books, *The Wheels of Chance* and *Bealby* written in similar vein. All these novels are clearly autobiographical, *Love and Mr. Lewisham* being most undisguisedly so. The world in which the young Wells lived, worked and suffered is pictured in its different phases and under varied guises. The dark, insanitary house in which the Wells family lived appears in *Kipps* and *The History of Mr. Polly*. The school in *Tono-Bungay* is the one where he worked as an usher, and so too is the chemist's shop. His experiences as a draper's apprentice are shared by Art Kipps and Alfred Polly. They are shared also by Mr. Hoopdriver, the hero of *The Wheels of Chance*. Thus many an incident from personal experience is woven into the stories, and many a character sketched with the verve drawn from actual acquaintance. In a sense they are all fairy stories, and they are all about simple souls. The humour and the large-heartedness with which the author looks upon the spectacle of life reminds one inevitably of Dickens. And, like

the creations of Dickens, the characters, having amused us as we read, persist in our imaginations.

As a novelist, Wells explored other themes and avenues too. He made fiction the platform for the ventilation of his views on life, especially the relationship between man and woman. He also attempted the caricature of his contemporaries, the actual figures being hidden behind a thin veil of fiction. These novels caused a great deal of controversy which at this distance of time appears amusing to us. Among these one could mention *Ann Veronica* and *The New Machiavelli*. Then came *Marriage* and *The Research Magnificent*, where the blind frustrations of sex form the central theme. They all live up to the ideas of fiction as set out in Wells's lecture on *The Scope of the Novel*.

All the time the prophet and Utopian in Wells had been at work. He was studying the present developments closely and projecting his mind into the future. He was trying to visualise the kind of world which he and reformers like him were trying to create. His first exercise in this field was in *Anticipations*; it was followed by *A Modern Utopia* and *Mankind in the Making*. He became convinced that mankind had to be educated, if it was to be saved; he accepted internationalism as his ideal. To promote it he wrote the monumental *The Outline of Hisory*, *The Science of Life* and *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*, followed by *The Shape of Things to Come* and *The Outlook for Homo Sapiens*. They are the works of a crusader, not a literary artist. The pre-occupation with them is said to have curbed the creative urge in him, and his admirers lament that he sacrificed his genius for a pot of message. Lytton Strachey is said to have remarked: 'I ceased to think about Wells when he became a thinker.' But Wells wrote, not for men like Strachey, but for the new public

emerging from the First World War, who had missed some precious years of enlightenment and had to rebuild from a shattered world a new human order.

Wells was a prolific writer, but never a conscious artist. For him the scientific mind was the best type of mind, and hence he rarely uses a vague word or one that has unexplored beauties. Often he is abrupt in his expression and not lucid in thought, but when an idea takes clear form in his mind he writes freely, with a masterly command of striking and homely images. But often he is wild and erratic, totally unconcerned about the beauty that words in proper combination can achieve. In truth, as he himself said, 'he was more the scientific man than the artist, though he dealt in literary forms.' In many matters Wells was hasty, ill-tempered and contradictory, yet he was undeviating and fearless in his fight for social equity, world peace and for what he considered to be the future good of mankind.

This selection from the writings of Wells, omitting perforce a great deal from a pile so voluminous, is intended to convey the undying significance of his work. He was one whose spirit was inspired by a deep concern for humanity, and what he said, years ago, has lost nothing of its importance. In our muddled world, torn apart by the blind forces of race, creed and political dogma, it is necessary to turn the attention of young minds to one who strove hard to 'make the whole globe our garden and playground', inspired by the poet's vision of 'the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world'.

I. COLLEGE EDUCATION

THE schooling process is a natural phase in human development—it is our elaboration of the natural learning of boyhood and girlhood and of adolescence. There was schooling before schools; there was schooling before humanity. I have watched a cat schooling her kittens. Schooling is a part of being young. And we grow up. So there comes a time when schooling is over, when the process of equipment gives place to an increasing share in the activities and decisions of adult life.

Nevertheless for us education must still go on. I suppose that the savage or the barbarian or the peasant in any part of the world or the uneducated man anywhere would laugh if you told him that the adult must still learn. But in our modern world—I mean the more or less civilized world of the last twenty-five centuries or so—there has grown up a new idea—new, I mean, in the sense that it runs counter to the life scheme of primitive humanity and of most other living things—and that is *the idea that one can go on learning right up to the end of life.* It marks off modern man from all animals, that in his adult life he can display a sense that there remains something still to be investigated and wisdom still to be acquired.

I do not know enough history to tell you with any confidence when adult men, instead of just going about the business of life after they had grown up, continued to

devote themselves to learning, to a deliberate prolongation of what is for all other animals an adolescent phase. But by the time of Buddha in India and Confucius in China and the schools of the philosophers in the Greek world the thing was in full progress. That was twenty-six centuries ago or more.

Something of the sort may have been going on in the temples of Egypt or Samaria a score of centuries before. I do not know. You must ask some such great authority as Professor Breasted about that. It may be fifty or a hundred centuries since men, although they were fully grown up, still went on trying to learn.

The idea of adult learning has spread ever since. To-day I suppose most educated people would agree that so long as we live we learn and ought to learn—that we ought to develop our ideas and enlarge, correct and change our ideas.

But even to-day you will find people who have not yet acquired this view. You will find even teachers and doctors and businessmen who are persuaded that they had learnt all that there was to learn by twenty-five or thirty. It is only quite recently that this idea has passed beyond a special class and pervaded the world generally—the idea of everyone being a life-long student and of the whole world becoming, as it were, a university for those who have passed beyond the schooling stage.

It has spread recently because in recent years the world has changed so rapidly that the idea of settling down for life has passed out of our minds, has given place to a new realization of the need of continuous adaptation to the very

end of our days. It is no good settling down in a world that, on its part, refuses to do anything of the sort.

But hitherto, before these new ideas began to spread in our community, the mass of men and women definitely *settled down*. At twelve, or fifteen, or sixteen, or twenty it was decided that they should stop learning. It has only been a rare and exceptional class hitherto that has gone on learning throughout life. The scene and field of that learning hitherto has been, in our Western communities, the University. Essentially the University is and has been an organization of adult learning as distinguished from preparatory and adolescent learning.

But between the phase of schooling and the phase of adult learning there is an intermediate stage.

In Scotland and America that is distinguished and thought of clearly as the *college stage*. But in England, where we do not think so clearly, this college stage is mixed up with and done partly at school and partly in the University. It is not marked off so definitely from the stage of general preparation that precedes it or from the stage of free intellectual enterprise that follows it.

Now what should college give the young citizen, male or female, upon the foundation of schooling we have already sketched out? In practice we find a good deal of technical study comes into the college stage. The budding lawyer begins to read law, the doctor starts his professional studies, the future engineer becomes technical, and the young merchant sets to work, or should do, to study the great movements of commerce and business method and organization.

As the college stage of those who do not, as a matter of fact, go to college, we have now in every civilized country the evening continuation school, the evening technical school and the works school.

But important as these things are from the point of view of service, they are not the soul—not the real meaning of the college stage.

The soul of the college stage, the most important value about it, is that in it is a sort of preparatory pause and inspection of the whole arena of life. It is the educational concomitant of the stage of adolescence.

The young man and the young woman begin to think for themselves, and the college education is essentially the supply of stimulus and material for that process.

It was in the college stage that most of us made out our religion and made it real for ourselves. It was then we really took hold of social and political ideas, when we became alive to literature and art, when we began the delightful and distressful enterprise of finding ourselves.

And I think most of us will agree when we look back that the most real thing in our college life was not the lecturing and the lessons—very much of that stuff could very well have been done in the schooling stage—but the arguments of the debating society, the discussions that broke out in the classroom or laboratory, the talks in one's rooms about God and religion, about the state and freedom, about art, about every possible and impossible social relationship.

Now in addition to that I had something else in my

own college course—something of the same sort of thing, but better.

I have spoken of myself as under-educated. My schooling was shocking but, as a blessed compensation, my college stage was rather exceptionally good. My schooling ended when I was thirteen. My father, who was a professional cricketer, was smashed up by an accident, and I had three horrible years in employment in shops. Then my luck changed and I found myself under one of the very greatest teachers of his time, Professor Huxley. I worked at the Royal College of Science in London for one year under him in his great course in zoology, and for a year and a half under a very good but rather uninspiring teacher, Professor Judd, the geologist. I did also physics and astronomy. Altogether I had three full years of science study. And the teaching of biology at that time, as Huxley had planned it, was a continuing, systematic, illuminating study of life, of the forms and appearances of life, of the way of life, of the interplay of life, of the past of life and the present prospect of life. It was a tremendous training in the sifting of evidence and the examination of appearances.

Every man is likely to be biassed, I supposed, in favour of his own educational course. Yet it seems to me that those three years of work were educational—that they gave a vision of the universe as a whole and a discipline and a power such as no other course, no classical or mathematical course I have ever had a chance of testing, could do.

I am so far a believer in a biological backbone for the

college phase of education that I have secured it for my sons and I have done all I can to extend it in England. Nevertheless, important as that formal college work was to me, it still seems to me that the informal part of our college life—the talk, the debates, the discussion, the scampering about London to attend great political meetings, to hear William Morris on Socialism, Auberon Herbert on Individualism, Gladstone on Home Rule, or Bradlaugh on Atheism—for those were the lights of my remote student days—was about equally important.

If schooling is a training in expression and communication, college is essentially the establishment of broad convictions. And in order that they may be established firmly and clearly, it is necessary that the developing young man or woman should hear all possible views and see the medal of truth not only from the obverse but from the reverse side.

Now here again I want to put the same sort of questions I have put about schooling.

Is the college stage of our present educational system anywhere near its maximum possible efficiency? And could it not be extended from its present limited range until it reached practically the whole adolescent community?

Let me deal with the first of these questions first.

Could we not do much more than we do to make the broad issues of various current questions plain and accessible to our students in the college stage?

For example, there is a vast discussion afoot upon the questions that centre upon Property, its rights and its

limitations. There is a great literature of Collectivist Socialism and Guild Socialism and Communism. About these things our young people must know. They are very urgent questions; our sons and daughters will have to begin to deal with them from the moment they leave college. Upon them they must form working opinions, and they must know not only what they themselves believe but, if our public affairs are not to degenerate into the squalid, obstinate, hopeless conflicts of prejudiced adherents, they must know also what is believed by other people whose convictions are different from theirs.

You may want to hush these matters up. Many elderly people do. You will fail.

All our intelligent students will insist upon learning what they can of these discussions and forming opinions for themselves. And if the college will not give them the representative books, a fair statement of the facts and views, and some guidance through the maze of these questions, it means merely that they will get a few books in a defiant or underhand way and form one-sided and impassioned opinions.

Another great set of questions upon which the adolescent want to judge for themselves, and ought to judge for themselves, are the religious questions.

And a third group are those that determine the principles of sexual conduct.

I know that in all these matters, on both sides of the Atlantic, a great battle rages between dogma and concealment on the one hand and open ventilation on the other.

Upon the issue I have no doubt. I find it hard even to imagine the case for the former side.

So long as *schooling* goes on, the youngster is immature, needs to be protected, is not called upon for judgments and initiatives, and may well be kept under mental limitations. I do not care very much how you censor or select the reading and talking and thinking of the schoolboy or schoolgirl. But it seems to me that with adolescence comes the right to knowledge and the right of judgment. And that it is the *task and duty* of the college to give matters of opinion in the solid—to let the student walk round and see them from every side.

. . . . . .

We still use the lecture as the normal basis of instruction in our colleges, we still hear discourses, and we still prefer even a second-rate professor on the spot to the printed word of the ablest teacher at a distance. Most of us who have been through college courses can recall the distress of hearing a dull and inadequate view of a subject being laboriously unfolded in a long series of tedious lectures, in spite of the existence of full and competent text-books. And here again it would seem that the time has come to centralize our best teaching, to create a new sort of wide teaching professor who will teach not in one college but in many, and to direct the local professor to the more suitable task of ensuring by a commentary, by organized critical work, and so forth, that the text-book is duly read, discussed and compared with the kindred books in the college library.

This means that the great teaching professors will not

lecture, or that they will lecture only to try over their treatment of a subject before an intelligent audience as a prelude to publication. They may perhaps visit the colleges under their influence but their basic instrument of instruction will be not a course of lectures but a book. They will carry out the dictum of Carlyle that the modern university is a university of books.

Now the frank recognition of the book and not the lecture as the substantial basis of instruction opens up a large and interesting range of possibilities. It releases the process of learning from its old servitude to place and to time. It is no longer necessary for the student to go to a particular room, at a particular hour, to hear the golden words drop from the lips of a particular teacher. The young man who reads at eleven o'clock in the morning in luxurious rooms in Trinity College, Cambridge, will have no very marked advantage over another young man, employed during the day, who reads at eleven o'clock at night in a bed-sitting-room in Glasgow. The former, you will say, may get commentary and discussion, but there is no particular reason why the latter should not form some sort of reading society with his fellows, and discuss the question with them in the dinner hour and on the way to the works. Nor is there any reason why he should not get tutorial help as a university extension from the general educational organization, as good in quality as any other tutorial help.

And this release of the essentials of a college education from limitations of locality and time brought about by modern conditions, not only makes it unnecessary for a

man to come 'up' to college to be educated, but abolishes the idea that his educational effort comes to an end when he goes 'down'. Attendance at college no longer justifies a claim to education; inability to enter a college is no longer an excuse for illiteracy.

From *The Salvaging of Civilization*

1922

II. THE PROBABLE FUTURE OF MANKIND

1

The present outlook of human affairs is one that admits of broad generalizations and that seems to require broad generalizations. We are in one of those phases of experience which become cardinal in history. A series of immense and tragic events have shattered the self-complacency and challenged the will and intelligence of mankind. That easy general forward movement of human affairs which for several generations had seemed to justify the persuasion of a necessary and invincible progress, progress towards greater powers, greater happiness, and a continual enlargement of life, has been checked violently and perhaps arrested altogether. The spectacular catastrophe of the Great War has revealed an accumulation of destructive forces in our outwardly prosperous society, of which few of us had dreamt; and it has also revealed a profound incapacity to deal with and restrain these forces. The two years of want, confusion, and indecision that have followed the Great War in Europe and Asia, the comparatively untouched American world, seem to many watchful minds even more ominous to our social order than the war itself. What is happening to our race? they ask. Has the cycle of prosperity and progress closed? To what will this staggering and blundering, the hatreds and mischievous adventures of the present time, bring us?

Some sort of answer to these questions, vast and vague though they are, we must each one of us have before we can take an intelligent interest or cast an effective vote in foreign affairs. Even though a man formulate no definite answer, he must still have an implict persuasion before he can act in these matters. If he have no clear conclusions openly arrived at, then he must act upon subconscious conclusions instinctively arrived at. Far better is it that he should bring them into the open light of thought.

The suppression of war is generally regarded as central to the complex of contemporary problems. But war is not a new thing in human experience, and for scores of centuries mankind has managed to get along in spite of its frequent recurrence. Most states and empires have been intermittently at war throughout their periods of stability and prosperity. But their warfare was not the warfare of the present time. The thing that has brought the rush of progressive development of the past century and a half to a sudden shock of arrest is not the old and familiar warfare, but warfare strangely changed and exaggerated by novel conditions. It is this change in conditions, therefore, and not war itself, which is the reality we have to analyse in its bearing upon our social and political ideas. In 1914 the European Great Powers resorted to war, as they had resorted to war on many previous occasions, to decide certain open issues. This war flamed out with an unexpected rapidity until all the world was involved; and it developed a horror, a monstrosity of destructiveness, and, above all, an inconclusive-

ness quite unlike any preceding war. That unlikeness was the essence of the matter. Whatever justifications could be found for its use in the past, it became clear to many minds that under the new conditions war was no longer a possible method of international dealing. The thing lay upon the surface. The idea of a League of Nations sustaining a Supreme World Court to supersede the arbitrament of war, did not so much arise at any particular point as break out simultaneously wherever there were intelligent men.

Let us first examine the change in the conditions of human life that has altered war from a normal aspect of the conflict for existence of human societies into a terror and a threat for the entire species. The change is essentially a change in the amount of power available for human purposes, and more particularly in the amount of material power that can be controlled by one individual. Human society up to a couple of centuries ago was essentially a man-power and horse-power system. There was, in addition, a certain limited use of water power and wind power, but that was not on a scale to affect the general truth of the proposition. The first intimation of the great change began seven centuries ago with the appearance of explosives. In the thirteenth century the Mongols made a very effective military use of the Chinese discovery of gunpowder. They conquered most of the known world, and their introduction of a low-grade explosive in warfare rapidly destroyed the immunity of castles and walled cities, abolished knighthood, and utterly wrecked and devastated the

irrigation system of Mesopotamia, which had been a populous and civilized region since before the beginnings of history. But the restricted metallurgical knowledge of the time set definite limits to the size and range of cannon. It was only with the nineteenth century that the large-scale production of cast steel and the growth of chemical knowledge made the military use of a variety of explosives practicable. The systematic extension of human power began in the eighteenth century with the utilization of steam and coal. That opened a crescendo of invention and discovery which thrust rapidly increasing quantities of material energy into men's hands. Even now that crescendo may not have reached its climax.

The deadly gifts continue. There was a steady increase in the frightfulness and destructiveness of belligerence from 1914 upto the beginning of 1918, when shortage of material and energy checked the process; and since the armistice there has been an industrious development of military science. The next well-organized war, we are assured, will be far more swift and extensive in its destruction—more particularly of the civilian population. Armies will advance no longer along roads, but extended in line with heavy tank transport which will plough up the entire surface of the land they traverse; aerial bombing, with bombs each capable of destroying a small town, will be practicable a thousand miles beyond the military front, and the seas will be swept clear of shipping by mines and submarine activities. There will be no distinction between combatants and non-combatants, because every able-bodied citizen, male

or female, is a potential producer of food and munitions; and probably the safest, and certainly the best supplied shelters in the universal cataclysm, will be the carefully buried, sandbagged, and camouflaged general headquarters of the contending armies. There military gentlemen of limited outlook and high professional training will, in comparative security, achieve destruction beyond their understanding. The hard logic of war which gives victory always to the most energetic and destructive combatant, will turn warfare more and more from mere operations for loot or conquest or predominance into operations for the conclusive destruction of the antagonist. A relentless thrust towards strenuousness is a characteristic of belligerent conditions. War is war, and vehemence is in its nature. You must hit always as hard as you can. Offensive and counter-offensive methods continue to prevail over merely defensive ones. The victor in the next great war will be bombed from the air, starved, and depleted almost as much as the loser. His victory will be no easy one; it will be a triumph of the exhausted and dying over the dead.

The urgent need for a great creative effort has become apparent in the affairs of mankind. It is manifest that unless some unity of purpose can be achieved in the world, unless the ever more violent and disastrous incidence of war can be averted, unless some common control can be imposed on the headlong waste of man's limited inheritance of coal, oil, and moral energy that is now going on, the history of humanity must presently culminate in some

sort of disaster, repeating and exaggerating the disaster of the Great War, producing chaotic social conditions, and going on thereafter in a degenerative process towards extinction. So much all reasonable men seem now prepared to admit. But upon the question of how and in what form a unity of purpose and a common control of human affairs is to be established, there is still a great and lamentable diversity of opinion and, as a consequence, an enfeeblement and wasteful dispersal of will. At present nothing has been produced but the manifestly quite inadequate League of Nations at Geneva, and a number of generally very vague movements for a world law, world disarmament, and the like among the intellectuals of the various civilized countries of the world.

The common failings of all these initiatives are a sort of genteel timidity and a defective sense of the scale of the enterprise before us. A neglect of the importance of scale is one of the gravest faults of contemporary education. Because a world-wide political organ is needed, it does not follow that a so-called League of Nations, without representative sanctions, military forces, or authority of any kind, a League from which large sections of the world are excluded altogether, is any contribution to that need. People have a way of saying it is better than nothing. But it may be worse than nothing. It may create a feeling of disillusionment about world-unifying efforts. If a mad elephant were loose in one's garden, it would be an excellent thing to give one's gardener a gun. But it would have to be an adequate gun, an elephant gun. To give him a small rook-rifle

and tell him it was better than nothing, and encourage him to face the elephant with that in his hand, would be the directest way of getting rid, not of the elephant, but of the gardener.

If mankind is to be saved from destruction there must be a world control; a world control means a world government, it is only another name for it, and manifestly that government must have a navy that will supersede the British navy, artillery that will supersede the French artillery, air forces superseding all existing air forces, and so forth. For many flags there must be one sovereign flag; *orbis terrarum*. Unless a world control amounts to that, it will be ridiculous, just as a judge supported by two or three unarmed policemen, a newspaper reporter and the court chaplain proposing to enforce his decisions in a court packed with heavily armed friends of the plaintiff and defendant would be ridiculous. But the common man is supposed to be so blindly and incurably set upon his British navy or his French army, or whatever his pet national instrument of violence may be, that it is held to be impossible to supersede these beloved and adored forces. If that is so, then a world law is impossible, and the wisest course before us is to snatch such small happiness as we may hope to do and leave the mad elephant to work its will in the garden.

2

In framing an estimate of the human future, two leading facts are dominant. The first is the plain necessity for a political reorganization of the world as a unity, to

ಪಸ್.ಎಸ್. ಹಿರೇಮಠ
ನಿವೃತ್ತ ಪ್ರಾಂಶುಪಾಲರು
ಬೆಳಗಾವಿ

save our race from the social disintegration and complete physical destruction which war, under modern conditions, must ultimately entail, and the second is the manifest absence of any sufficient will in the general mass of mankind at the present time to make such a reorganization possible. There appear to be the factors of such a will in men, but they are for the most part unawakened, or they are unorganized and ineffective. And there is a very curious incapacity to grasp the reality of the human situation, a real resistance to seeing things as they are—for man is an effort-shirking animal—which greatly impedes the development of such a will. Failing the operation of such a sufficient will, human affairs are being directed by use and wont, by tradition and accidental deflections. Mankind, after the tragic concussion of the Great War, seems now to be drifting again towards new and probably more disastrous concussions.

The catastrophe of the Great War did more or less completely awaken a certain limited number of intelligent people to the need of some general control replacing this ancient traditional driftage of events. But they shrank from the great implications of such a world control. The only practicable way to achieve a general control in the face of existing governments, institutions, and prejudices, interested obstruction and the common disregard, is by extending this awakening to great masses of people. This means an unprecedented educational effort, an appeal to men's intelligence and men's imagination such as the world has never seen before.

And it must become part of the universal education.

It must speak through the school and university. It is too often forgotten in America, perhaps, even more than in Europe, that education exists for the community, and for the individual only so far as it makes him a sufficient member of the community. The chief end of education is to subjugate and sublimate for the collective purposes of our kind the savage egotism we inherit. Every school, every college, teaches directly, and still more by implication, relationship to a community and devotion to a community. In too many cases that community we let our schools and colleges teach to our children is an extremely narrow one; it is the community of a sect, of a class, or of an intolerant, greedy, and unrighteous nationalism. Schools have increased greatly in numbers throughout the world during the last century, but there has been little or no growth in the conception of education in schools. Education has been extended, but it has not been developed. If man is to be saved from self-destruction by the organization of a world community, there must be a broadening of the reference of the teaching in the schools of all the world to that community of the world. World-wide educational development and reform are the necessary preparations for and the necessary accompaniments of a political reconstruction of the world. The two are the right and left hands of the same thing. Neither can effect much without the other.

Now it is manifest that this reorganization of the world's affairs and of the world's education, which we hold to be imperatively dictated by the change in warfare, communications, and other conditions of human life brought

about by scientific discovery during the last hundred years, carries with it a practical repudiation of the claims of every existing sovereign government in the world to be final and sovereign, to be anything more than provisional and replaceable. There is the difficulty that has checked hundreds of men after their first step towards this work for a universal peace. It involves, it cannot but involve, a revision of their habitual allegiances. At best existing governments are to be regarded as local trustees and caretakers for the coming human commonweal.

If they are not that, then they are necessarily obstructive and antagonistic. But few rulers, few governments, few officials, will have the greatness of mind to recognize and admit this plain reality. By a kind of necessity they force upon their subjects and publics a conflict of loyalties. The feeble driftage of human affairs from one base or greedy arrangement or cowardly evasion to another, since the Armistice of 1918, is very largely due to the obstinate determination of those who are in positions of authority and responsibility to ignore the plain teachings of the Great War and its *sequelae*. They are resisting adjustment; their minds are fighting against the sacrifices of pride and authority that a full recognition of their subordination to the world commonweal will involve. They are prepared, it would seem, to fight against the work of human salvation basely and persistently, whenever their accustomed importance is threatened.

Given a world law and world security, a release from the net of bickering frontiers, world-wide freedom of

movement, and world-wide fellowship, a thousand good things that are now beyond hope or dreaming would come into the ordinary life. The whole world would be our habitation, and the energies of men, released from their preoccupation with contention, would go more and more abundantly into the accumulation and application of scientific knowledge, that is to say into the increase of mental and bodily health, of human power, of interest and happiness. Even today the most delightful possibilities stand waiting, inaccessible to nearly all of us because of the general insecurity, distrust, and anger. Flying, in a world safely united in peace, could take us now to the ends of the earth smoothly, securely through the sweet upper air, in five or six days. In two or three years there could again be abundance of food and pleasant clothing for everyone throughout the whole world. Men could be destroying their slums and pestilential habitations and rebuilding spacious and beautiful cities. Given only peace and confidence and union we could double our yearly production of all that makes life desirable and still double our leisure for thought and growth. We could live in a universal palace and make the whole globe our garden and playground.

The activities of a cult which set itself to bring about the world state would at first be propagandist, they would be intellectual and educational, and only as a sufficient mass of opinion and will had accumulated would they become to a predominant extent politically constructive. Such a cult must direct itself particularly to the teaching of the young.

Teaching then is the initial and decisive factor in the future of mankind, and the first duty of everyone who has the ability and opportunity, is to teach, or to subserve the teaching of, the true history of mankind and of the possibilities of this vision of a single world state that history opens out to us. Men and women can help the spread of the saving doctrine in a thousand various ways; for it is not only in homes and schools that minds are shaped. They can print and publish books, endow schools and teaching, organize the distribution of literature, insist upon the proper instruction of children in world-wide charity and fellowship, fight against every sort of suppression or restrictive control of right education, bring pressure through political and social channels upon every teaching organization to teach history aright, sustain missions and a new sort of missionary, the missionaries to all mankind of knowledge and the idea of one world civilization and one world community; they can promote and help the progress of historical and ethnological and political science, they can set their faces against every campaign of hate, racial suspicion, and patriotic falsehood; they can refuse, they are bound to refuse, obedience to any public authority which oppresses and embitters class against class, race against race, and people against people. A belligerent government, as such, they can refuse to obey; and they can refuse to help or suffer any military preparations that are not directed wholly and plainly to preserving the peace of the world. This is the plain duty of every honest man today, to judge his magistrate before he obeys him, and to render unto Caesar

nothing that he owes to God and mankind.

So far the movement towards a world state has lacked any driving power of passion. We have been passing through a phase of intellectual revision. The idea of a world unity and brotherhood has come back again into the world almost apologetically, deferentially, asking for the kind words of successful politicians and for a gesture of patronage from kings. Yet this demand for one world-empire of righteousness was inherent in the teachings of Buddha, it flashed for a little while behind the sword of Islam, it is the embodiment in earthly affairs of the spirit of Christ. It is a call to men for service as of right, it is not an appeal to them that they may refuse, nor a voice that they may disregard. It is too great a thing to hover for long thus deferentially on the outskirts of the active world it has come to save. Today the world state says, ' Please listen; make way for me.' Tomorrow it will say, ' Make way for me, little people.' The day is not remote when disregardful ' patriotic ' men hectoring in the crowd will be twisted round perforce to the light they refuse to see. First comes the idea and then slowly the full comprehension of the idea, comes realization, and with that realization will come a kindling anger at the vulgarity, the meanness, the greed and baseness and utter stupidity that refuse to attend to this clear voice, this definite demand of our racial necessity. Today we preach, but as understanding grows we must begin to act. We must put ourselves and our rulers and our fellow-men on trial. We must ask, ' What have you done, what are you doing to help or hinder the peace and order of

mankind?' A time will come when a politician who has wilfully made war and promoted international dissension will be as sure of the dock and much surer of the noose than a private homicide. It is not reasonable that those who gamble with men's lives should not stake their own. The service of the world state calls for much more than passive resistance to belligerent authorities. for much more than exemplary martyrdoms. It calls for the greater effort of active interference with mischievous men. 'I will believe in the League of Nations', one man has written, 'when men will fight for it.' For this League of Nations at Geneva, this little corner of Balfourian jobs and gentility, no man would dream of fighting, but for the great state of mankind, men will presently be very ready to fight and, as the thing may go, either to kill or die. Things must come in their order; first the idea, then the kindling of imaginations, then the world-wide battle. We who live in the bleak days after a great crisis, need be no more discouraged by the apparent indifference of the present time than are fields that are ploughed and sown by the wet days of February and the cold indifference of the winds of early March. The ploughing has been done, and the seed is in the ground, and the world state stirs in a multitude of germinating minds.

From *The Salvaging of Civilization*

III. THE RISE AND SPREAD OF BUDDHISM

1

It is interesting to turn from the mental and moral activities of Athens and Alexandria, and the growth of human ideas in the Mediterranean world, to the almost entirely separate intellectual life of India. Here was a civilization which from the first seems to have grown up upon its own roots and with a character of its own. It was cut off from the civilizations to the west and to the east by vast mountain barriers and desert regions. The Aryan tribes who had come down into the peninsula soon lost touch with their kindred to the west and north, and developed upon lines of their own. This was more particularly the case with those who had passed on into the Ganges country and beyond. They found a civilization already scattered over India, the Dravidian civilization. This had arisen independently, just as the Sumerian, Cretan, and Egyptian civilizations seem to have arisen, out of that widespread development of the Neolithic culture whose characteristics we have already described. They revised and changed this Dravidian civilization much as the Greeks did the Aegean or the Semites the Sumerian.

These Indian Aryans were living under different conditions from those that prevailed to the north-west. They were living in a warmer climate, in which a diet of beef and fermented liquor was destructive; they were forced,

therefore, to a generally vegetarian dietary, and the prolific soil, almost unasked, gave them all the food they needed. There was no further reason for them to wander; the crops and seasons were trustworthy. They wanted little clothing or housing. They wanted so little that trade was undeveloped. There was still land for every one who desired to cultivate a patch—and a little patch sufficed. Their political life was simple and comparatively secure; no great conquering powers had arisen as yet in India, and her natural barriers sufficed to stop the early imperialisms to the west of her and to the east. Thousands of comparatively pacific little village republics and chieftainships were spread over the land. There was no sea life, there were no pirate raiders, no strange traders. One might write a history of India coming down to four hundred years ago and hardly mention the sea.

This history of India for many centuries had been happier, less fierce, and more dreamlike than any other history. The noblemen, the rajahs, hunted; life was largely made up of love stories. Here and there a maharajah arose amidst the rajahs and built a city, caught and tamed many elephants, slew many tigers, and left a tradition of his splendour and his wonderful processions.

Yet there was much active thought among the orientalized Aryans; great epics were composed and handed down by verbal tradition—for there was as yet no writing. There was also much profound philosophical speculation, which has still to be brought into clear relations with the philosophical systems of the West.

THE RISE AND SPREAD OF BUDDHISM

It was somewhere between 600 and 500 B.C., when Croesus was flourishing in Lydia and Cyrus was preparing to snatch Babylon from Nabonidus, that the founder of Buddhism was born in India. He was born in a small republican tribal community in the north of Bengal under the Himalayas, in what is now overgrown jungle country on the borders of Nepal. The little state was ruled by a family, the Sakya clan, of which this man, Siddhattha Gautama, was a member. Siddhattha was his personal name, like Caius or John; Gautama, or Gotama, his family name, like Caesar or Smith; Sakya his clan name, like Julius. The institution of caste was not yet fully established in India, and the Brahmins, though they were privileged and influential, had not yet struggled to the head of the system; but there were already strongly marked class distinctions and a practically impermeable partition between the noble Aryans and the darker common people. Gautama belonged to the former race. His teaching, we may note, was called the Aryan Path, the Aryan Truth.

It is only within the last hundred years that increasing study of the Pali language, in which most of the original sources were written, has given the world a real knowledge of the life and actual thought of Gautama. Previously his story was overlaid by monstrous accumulations of legend, and his teaching violently misconceived. But now we have a very human and understandable account of him.

He was a good-looking, capable young man of fortune, and until he was twenty-nine he lived the ordinary

aristocratic life of his time. It was not a very satisfying life intellectually. There was no literature except the oral tradition of the Vedantic epics, and that was chiefly monopolized by the Brahmins; there was even less knowledge. The world was bound by the snowy Himalayas to the north and spread indefinitely to the south. The city of Benares, which had a king, was about a hundred miles away. The chief amusements were hunting and love-making. All the good that life seemed to offer, Gautama enjoyed. He was married at nineteen to a beautiful cousin. For some years they remained childless. He hunted and played and went about in his sunny world of gardens and groves and irrigated rice-fields. And it was amidst this life that a great discontent fell upon him. It was the unhappiness of a fine brain that seeks employment. He lived amidst plenty and beauty, he passed from gratification to gratification, and his soul was not satisfied. It was as if he heard the destinies of the race calling to him. He felt that the existence he was leading was not the reality of life, but a holiday—a holiday that had gone on too long.

While he was in this mood he saw four things that served to point his thoughts. He was driving on some excursion of pleasure, when he came upon a man dreadfully broken down by age. The poor, bent, enfeebled creature struck his imagination. 'Such is the way of life,' said Channa, his charioteer, and 'to that we must all come'. While this was yet in his mind, he chanced upon a man suffering horribly from some loathsome disease. 'Such is the way of life,' said Channa. The

third vision was of an unburied body, swollen, eyeless, mauled by passing birds and beasts and altogether terrible. 'That is the way of life,' said Channa.

The sense of disease and mortality, the insecurity and the unsatisfactoriness of all happiness, descended upon the mind of Gautama. And then he and Channa saw one of those wandering ascetics who already existed in great numbers in India. These men lived under severe rules, spending much time in meditation and in religious discussion. For many men before Gautama in that land of uneventful sunshine had found life distressing and mysterious. These ascetics were all supposed to be seeking some deeper reality in life, and a passionate desire to do likewise took possession of Gautama.

He was meditating upon this project, says the story, when the news was brought to him that his wife had been delivered of his first-born son. 'This is another tie to break,' said Gautama.

He returned to the village amidst the rejoicings of his fellow clansmen. There was a great feast and a Nautch dance to celebrate the birth of this new tie, and in the night Gautama awoke in a great agony of spirit, 'like a man who is told that his house is on fire'. In the ante-room the dancing girls were lying in strips of darkness and moonlight. He called Channa, and told him to prepare his horse. Then he went softly to the threshold of his wife's chamber, and saw her by the light of a little oil lamp, sleeping sweetly, surrounded by flowers, with his infant son in her arm. He felt a great craving to take up the child in one first and last

embrace before he departed, but the fear of waking his wife prevented him, and at last he turned away and went out into the bright Indian moonshine to Channa waiting with the horses, and mounted and rode off into the world.

As he rode through the night with Channa, it seemed to him that Mara, the Tempter of Mankind, filled the sky and disputed with him. 'Return,' said Mara, 'and be a king, and I will make you the greatest of kings. Go on, and you will fail. Never will I cease to dog your footsteps. Lust or malice or anger will betray you at last in some unwary moment; sooner or later you will be mine.'

Very far they rode that night, and in the morning he stopped outside the lands of his clan, and dismounted beside a sandy river. There he cut off his flowing locks with his sword, removed all his ornaments, and sent them and his horse and sword back to his house by Channa. Then going on, he presently met a ragged man and exchanged clothes with him, and so having divested himself of all worldly entanglements, he was free to pursue his search after wisdom. He made his way southward to a resort of hermits and teachers in a hilly spur running into Bengal northward from the Vindhya Mountains, close to the town of Rajgir. There a number of wise men lived in a warren of caves, going into the town for their simple supplies and imparting their knowledge by word of mouth to such as cared to come to them.

This instruction must have been very much in the

style of the Socratic discussions that were going on in Athens a couple of centuries later. Gautama became versed in all the metaphysics of his age. But his acute intelligence was dissatisfied with the solutions offered him.

The Indian mind has always been disposed to believe that power and knowledge may be obtained by extreme asceticism, by fasting, sleeplessness, and self-torment, and these ideas Gautama now put to the test. He betook himself with five disciple companions to the jungle in a gorge in the Vindhya Mountains, and there he gave himself up to fasting and terrible penances. His fame spread, 'like the sound of a great bell hung in the canopy of the skies'. But it brought him no sense of truth achieved. One day he was walking up and down, trying to think in spite of his enfeebled state. Suddenly be staggered and fell unconscious. When he recovered, the preposterousness of these semi-magic ways of attempting wisdom was plain to him.

He amazed and horrified his five companions by demanding ordinary food and refusing to continue his self-mortifications. He had realized that whatever truth a man may reach is reached best by a nourished brain in a healthy body. Such a conception was absolutely foreign to the ideas of the land and age. His disciples deserted him, and went off in a melancholy state to Benares. The boom of the great bell ceased. Gautama the wonderful had fallen.

For a time Gautama wandered alone, the loneliest figure in history, battling for light.

When the mind grapples with a great and intricate problem, it makes its advances, it secures its positions step by step, with but little realization of the gains it has made, until suddenly, with an effect of abrupt illumination, it realizes its victory. So, it would seem, it happened to Gautama. He had seated himself under a great tree by the side of a river, to eat, when this sense of clear vision came to him. It seemed to him that he saw life plain. He is said to have sat all day and all night in profound thought, and then he rose up to impart his vision to the world.

2

Teaching and Legend in Conflict

Such is the plain story of Gautama as we gather it from a comparison of early writings. But common men must have their cheap marvels and wonders.

It is nothing to them that this little planet should at last produce upon its surface a man thinking of the past and the future and the essential nature of existence. And so we must have this sort of thing by some worthy Pali scribe, making the most of it:

'When the conflict began between the Saviour of the world and the Prince of Evil, a thousand appalling meteors fell. . . . Rivers flowed back towards their sources; peaks and lofty mountains, where countless trees had grown for ages, rolled crumbling to the earth . . . the sun enveloped itself in awful darkness, and a host

of headless spirits filled the air.'

Of which phenomena history has preserved no authentication. Instead we have only the figure of a lonely man walking towards Benares.

Extraordinary attention has been given to the tree under which Gautama had this sense of mental clarity. It was a tree of the fig genus, and from the first it was treated with peculiar veneration. It was called the Bo Tree. It has long since perished, but close at hand lives another great tree which may be its descendant, and in Ceylon there grows to this day a tree, the oldest historical tree in the world, which we know certainly to have been planted as a cutting from the Bo Tree in the year 245 B.C. From that time to this it has been carefully tended and watered; its great branches are supported by pillars, and the earth has been terraced up about it so that it has been able to put out fresh roots continually. It helps us to realize the shortness of all human history to see so many generations spanned by the endurance of one single tree. Gautama's disciples unhappily have cared more for the preservation of his tree than of his thought, which from the first they misconceived and distorted.

At Benares Gautama sought out his five pupils, who were still leading the ascetic life. There is an account of their hesitation to receive him when they saw him approaching. He was a backslider. But there was some power of personality in him that prevailed over their coldness, and he made them listen to his new convictions. For five days the discussion was carried

on. When he had at last convinced them that he was now enlightened, they hailed him as the Buddha. There was already in those days a belief in India that at long intervals Wisdom returned to the earth and was revealed to mankind through a chosen person known as the Buddha. According to Indian belief there have been many such Buddhas; Gautama Buddha is only the latest one of a series. But it is doubtful if he himself accepted that title or recognized that theory. In his discourses he never called himself the Buddha.

He and his recovered disciples then formed a sort of Academy in the Deer Park at Benares. They made for themselves huts, and accumulated other followers to the number of three score or more. In the rainy season they remained in discourse at this settlement, and during the dry weather they dispersed about the country, each giving his version of the new teachings. All their teaching was done, it would seem, by word of mouth. There was probably no writing yet in India at all. We must remember that in the time of the Buddha it is doubtful if even the Iliad had been committed to writing. Probably the Mediterranean alphabet, which is the basis of most Indian scripts, had not yet reached India. The master, therefore, worked out and composed pithy and brief verses, aphorisms, and lists of 'points', and these were expanded in the discourse of his disciples. It greatly helped them to have these points and aphorisms numbered. The modern mind is apt to be impatient of the tendency of Indian thought to a numerical statement of things, the Eightfold Path, the Four Truths,

and so on, but this enumeration was a mnemonic necessity in an undocumented world.

3

The Gospel of Gautama Buddha

The fundamental teaching of Gautama as it is now being made plain to us by the study of original sources, is clear and simple and in the closest harmony with modern ideas. It is beyond all dispute the achievement of one of the most penetrating intelligences the world has ever known.

We have what are almost certainly the authentic heads of his discourse to the five disciples which embodies his essential doctrine. All the miseries and discontents of life he traces to insatiable selfishness. Suffering, he teaches, is due to the craving individuality, to the torment of greedy desire. Until a man has overcome every sort of personal craving his life is trouble and his end sorrow. There are three principal forms the craving of life takes, and all are evil. The first is the desire to gratify the senses, sensuousness. The second is the desire for personal immortality. The third is the desire for prosperity, worldliness. All these must be overcome —that is to say, a man must no longer be living for himself—before life can become serene. But when they are indeed overcome and no longer rule a man's life, when the first-personal pronoun has vanished from his private thoughts, then he has reached the higher wisdom,

Nirvana, serenity of soul. For Nirvana does not mean, as many people wrongly believe, extinction, but the extinction of the futile personal aims that necessarily make life base or pitiful or dreadful.

Now here, surely, we have the completest analysis of the problem of the soul's peace. Every religion that is worth the name, every philosophy, warns us to lose ourselves in something greater than ourselves. 'Whosoever would save his life, shall lose it': there is exactly the same lesson.

The teaching of history, as we are unfolding it in this book, is strictly in accordance with this teaching of Buddha. There is, as we are seeing, no social order, no security, no peace or happiness, no righteous leadership or kingship, unless men lose themselves in something greater than themselves.

The study of biological progress again reveals exactly the same process—the merger of the narrow globe of the individual experience in a wider being. To forget oneself in greater interests is to escape from a prison.

The self-abnegation must be complete. From the point of view of Gautama, that dread of death, that greed for an endless continuation of his mean little individual life, which drove the Egyptian and those who learnt from him with propitiations and charms into the temples, was as mortal and ugly and evil a thing as lust or avarice or hate. The religion of Gautama is flatly opposite to the 'immortality' religions. And his teaching is set like flint against asceticism, as a mere attempt to win personal power by personal pains.

But when we come to the rule of life, the Aryan Path, by which we are to escape from the threefold base cravings that dishonour human life, then the teaching is not so clear. It is not so clear for one very manifest reason: Gautama had no knowledge nor vision of history; he had no clear sense of the vast and many-sided adventure of life opening out in space and time. His mind was confined within the ideas of his age and people, and their minds were shaped into notions of perpetual recurrence, of world following world and of Buddha following Buddha, a stagnant circling of the universe. The idea of mankind as a great Brotherhood pursuing an endless destiny under the God of Righteousness, the idea that was already dawning upon the Semitic consciousness in Babylon at this time, did not exist in his world. Yet his account of the Eightfold Path is, nevertheless, within these limitations, profoundly wise.

Let us briefly recapitulate the eight elements of the Aryan Path. First, Right Views: Gautama placed the stern examination of views and ideas, the insistence upon truth, as the first research of his followers. There was to be no clinging to tawdry superstitions. He condemned, for instance, the prevalent belief in the transmigration of souls. In a well-known early Buddhist dialogue there is a destructive analysis of the idea of an enduring individual soul. Next to Right Views came Right Aspirations: because nature abhors a vacuum, and since base cravings are to be expelled, other desires must be encouraged—love for the service of others, desire to do and secure justice, and the like. Primitive

and uncorrupted Buddhism aimed not at the destruction of desire, but at the change of desire. Devotion to science and art, or to the betterment of things, manifestly falls into harmony with Buddhistic Right Aspirations, provided such aims are free from jealousy or the craving for fame. Right Speech, Right Conduct, and Right Livelihood need no expansion here. Sixthly in this list came Right Effort, for Gautama had no toleration for good intentions and slovenly application; the disciple had to keep a keenly critical eye upon his activities. The seventh element of the path, Right Mindfulness, is the constant guard against a lapse into personal feeling or glory for whatever is done or not done. And, finally, comes Right Rapture, which seems to be aimed against the pointless ecstasies of the devout, such witless gloryings, for instance, as those that went to the jingle of the Alexandrian sistrum.

We will not discuss here the Buddhistic doctrine of Karma, because it belongs to a world of thought that is passing away. The good or evil of every life was supposed to determine the happiness or misery of some subsequent life, that was in some inexplicable way identified with its predecessor. Nowadays we realise that a life goes on in its consequences for ever, but we find no necessity to suppose that any particular life is resumed. The Indian mind was full of the idea of cyclic recurrence; everything was supposed to come round again. This is a very natural supposition for men to make; so things seem to be until we analyse them. Modern science has made clear to us that there is no

such exact recurrence as we are apt to suppose; every day is by an infinitesimal quantity a little longer than the day before; no generation repeats the previous generation precisely; history never repeats itself; change, we realize now, is inexhaustible; all things are eternally new. But these differences between our general ideas and those Buddha must have possessed need not in any way prevent us from appreciating the unprecedented wisdom, the goodness and the greatness of this plan of an emancipated life as Gautama laid it down somewhen in the sixth century before Christ.

And if he failed in theory to gather all the wills of the converted into the one multifarious activity of our race battling against death and deadness in time and space, he did in practice direct his own life and that of all his immediate disciples into one progressive adventure, which was to preach and spread the doctrine and methods of Nirvana or soul-serenity throughout our fevered world. For them at least his teaching was complete and full. But all men cannot preach or teach; doctrine is but one of many of the functions of life that are fundamentally righteous. To the modern mind it seems at least equally acceptable that a man may, though perhaps against greater difficulties, cultivate the soil, rule a city, make roads, build houses, construct engines, or seek and spread knowledge, in perfect self-forgetfulness and serenity. As much was inherent in Gautama's teaching, but the stress was certainly laid upon the teaching itself, and upon withdrawal from, rather than upon the ennoblement of, the ordinary affairs of men.

In certain other respects this primitive Buddhism differed from any of the religions we have hitherto considered. It was primarily a religion of conduct, not a religion of observances and sacrifices. It had no temples; and, since it had no sacrifices, it had no sacred order of priests. Nor had it any theology. It neither asserted nor denied the reality of the innumerable and often grotesque gods who were worshipped in India at that time. It passed them by.

4

Buddhism and Asoka

From the very first this new teaching was misconceived. One corruption was perhaps inherent in its teaching. Because the world of men had as yet no sense of the continuous progressive effort of life, it was very easy to slip from the idea of renouncing self to the idea of renouncing active life. As Gautama's own experiences had shown, it is easier to flee from this world than from self. His early disciples were strenuous thinkers and teachers, but the lapse into mere monastic seclusion was a very easy one, particularly easy in the climate of India, where an extreme simplicity of living is convenient and attractive, and exertion more laborious than anywhere else in the world.

And it was early the fate of Gautama, as it has been the fate of most religious founders since his days, to be made into a wonder by his less intelligent disciples in

their efforts to impress the outer world. We have already noted how one devout follower could not but believe that the moment of the master's mental irradiation must necessarily have been marked by an epileptic fit of the elements. This is one small sample of the vast accumulation of vulgar marvels that presently sprang up about the memory of Gautama.

There can be no doubt that for the great multitude of human beings then as now, the mere idea of an emancipation from self is a very difficult one to grasp. It is probable that even among the teachers Buddha was sending out from Benares there were many who did not grasp it and still less were able to convey it to their hearers. Their teaching quite naturally took on the aspect of salvation, not from oneself—that idea was beyond them—but from misfortunes and suffering here and hereafter. In the existing superstitions of the people, and especially in the idea of the transmigration of the soul after death, though this idea was contrary to the master's own teaching, they found stuff of fear they could work upon. They urged virtue upon the people lest they should live again in degraded or miserable forms, or fall into some one of the innumerable hells of torment with which the Brahminical teachers had already familiarized their minds. They represented the Buddha as the saviour from almost unlimited torment.

There seems to be no limit to the lies that honest but stupid disciples will tell for the glory of their master and for what they regard as the success of their propaganda.

Men who would scorn to tell a lie in everyday life will become unscrupulous cheats and liars when they have given themselves up to propagandist work; it is one of the perplexing absurdities of our human nature. Such honest souls—for most of them were indubitably honest—were presently telling their hearers of the miracles that attended the Buddha's birth—they no longer called him Gautama, because that was too familiar a name—of his youthful feats of strength, of the marvels of his everyday life, winding up with a sort of illumination of his body at the moment of death.

Of course it was impossible to believe that Buddha was the son of a mortal father. He was miraculously conceived through his mother dreaming of a beautiful white elephant! Previously he had himself been a marvellous elephant possessing six tusks; he had generously given them all to a needy hunter—and even helped him to saw them off. And so on.

Moreover, a theology grew up about the Buddha. He was discovered to be a god. He was one of a series of divine beings, the Buddhas. There was an undying 'Spirit of all the Buddhas', there was a great series of Buddhas past and Buddhas (or Buddhisatvas) yet to come. But we cannot go further into these complications of Asiatic theology. 'Under the overpowering influence of these sickly imaginations the moral teachings of Gautama have been almost hid from view. The theories grew and flourished; each new step, each new hypothesis, demanded another; until the whole sky was filled with forgeries of the brain, and the nobler and

simpler lessons of the founder of the religion were smothered beneath the glittering mass of metaphysical subtleties.'

In the third century B.C. Buddhism was gaining wealth and power, and the little groups of simple huts in which the teachers of the Order gathered in the rainy season were giving place to substantial monastic buildings. To this period belong the beginnings of Buddhistic art. Now, if we remember how recent was the adventure of Alexander, that all the Punjab was still under Seleucid rule, that all India abounded with Greek adventurers, and that there was still quite open communication by sea and land with Alexandria, it is no great wonder to find this early Buddhist art strongly Greek in character, and the new Alexandrian cult of Serapis and Isis extraordinarily influential in its development.

The kingdom of Gandhara on the north-west frontier near Peshawar, which flourished in the third century B.C., was a typical meeting-place of the Hellenic and Indian worlds. Here are to be found the earliest Buddhist sculptures, and interwoven with them are figures which are recognizably the figures of Serapis and Isis and Horus already worked into the legendary net that gathered about Buddha. No doubt the Greek artists who came to Gandhara were loth to relinquish a familiar theme. But Isis, we are told, is no longer Isis, but Hariti, a pestilence goddess whom Buddha converted and made benevolent. Foucher traces Isis from this centre into China, but here other influences were also at work, and the story becomes too complex for us to

disentagle in this *Outline.* China had a Taoist deit the Holy Mother, the Queen of Heaven, who took o the name (originally a male name) of Kunan-yin an who came to resemble the Isis figure very closely. Th Isis figure, we feel, must have influenced the treatmer of Kuan-yin. Like Isis, she was also Queen of the Sea Stella Maris. In Japan she was called Kwannon. Ther seems to have been a constant exchange of the oute forms of religion between east and west. We read i Huc's Travels how perplexing he and his fellow-mis sionary found this possession of a common tradition o worship. 'The cross,' he says, 'the mitre, the dalmatica the cope, which the Grand Lamas wear on their journeys or when they are performing some ceremony out of th temple; the service with double choirs, the psalmody, th exorcisms; the censer, suspended from five chains, whicl you can open or close at pleasure; the benedictions give by the Lamas by extending the right hand over th heads of the faithful; the chaplet, ecclesiastical celibacy spiritual retirement, the worship of the saints, the fasts the processions, the litanies, the holy water, all these are analogies between the Buddhists and ourselves.'

The cult and doctrine of Gautama, gathering corrup tions and variations from Brahminism and Hellenism alike, was spread throughout India by an increasing multitude of teachers in the fourth and third centuries B.C. For some generations at least it retained much o the moral beauty and something of the simplicity of the opening phase. Many people who have no intellectua grasp upon the meaning of self-abnegation and dis-

interestedness have nevertheless the ability to appreciate a splendour in the reality of these qualities. Early Buddhism was certainly producing noble lives, and it is not only through reason that the latent response to nobility is aroused in our minds. It spreads rather in spite of than because of the concessions that it made to vulgar imaginations. It spread because many of the early Buddhists were sweet and gentle, helpful and noble and admirable people, who compelled belief in their sustaining faith.

Quite early in its career Buddhism came into conflict with the growing pretensions of the Brahmins. As we have already noted, this priestly caste was still only struggling to dominate Indian life in the days of Gautama. They had already great advantages. They had the monopoly of tradition and religious sacrifices. But their power was being challenged by the development of kingship, for the men who became clan-leaders and kings were usually not of the Brahminical caste.

Kingship received an impetus from the Persian and Greek invasions of the Punjab. We have already noted the name of King Porus, whom, in spite of his elephants, Alexander defeated and turned into a satrap. There came also to the Greek camp upon the Indus a certain adventurer named Chandragupta Maurya, whom the Greeks called Sandracottus, with a scheme for conquering the Ganges country. The scheme was not welcome to the Macedonians, who were in revolt against marching any further into India, and he had to fly the camp. He wandered among the tribes upon the north-west

frontier, secured their support, and after Alexander had departed, overran the Punjab, ousting the Macedonian representatives. He then conquered the Ganges country (321 B.C.), waged a successful war (303 B.C.) against Seleucus I when the latter attempted to recover the Punjab, and consolidated a great empire reaching across all the plain of northern India from the western to the eastern sea. And he came into much the same conflict with the growing power of the Brahmins, into the conflict between crown and priesthood, that we have already noted as happening in Babylonia and Egypt and China. He saw in the spreading doctrine of Buddhism an ally against the growth of priestcraft and caste. He supported and endowed the Buddhistic Order, and encouraged its teachings.

He was succeeded by his son, who was in turn succeeded by Asoka (264 to 227 B.C.), one of the greatest monarchs of history, whose dominions extended from Afghanistan to what is now the province of Madras. He is the only military monarch on record who abandoned warfare after victory. He had invaded Kalinga (225 B.C.), a country along the east coast of Madras, perhaps with some intention of completing the conquest of the tip of the Indian peninsula. The expedition was successful, but he was disgusted by what he saw of the cruelties and horrors of war. He declared, in certain inscriptions that still exist, that he would no longer seek conquest by war, but by religion, and the rest of his life was devoted to the spreading of Buddhism throughout the world.

He seems to have ruled his vast empire in peace and with great ability. He was no mere religious fanatic. But in the year of his one and only war he joined the Buddhist community as a layman, and some years later he became a full member of the Order, and devoted himself to the attainment of Nirvana by the Eightfold Path. How entirely compatible that way of living then was with the most useful and beneficent activities, his life shows. Right Aspiration, Right Effort, and Right Livelihood distinguished his career. He organized a great digging of wells in India, and the planting of trees for shade. He appointed officers for the supervision of charitable works. He founded hospitals and public gardens. He had gardens made for the growing of medicinal herbs. Had he had an Aristotle to inspire him, he would no doubt have endowed scientific research upon a great scale. He created a ministry for the care of the aborigines and subject races. He made provision for the education of women. He made—he was the first monarch to make—an attempt to educate his people into a common view of the ends and way of life. He made vast benefactions to the Buddhist teaching Orders, and tried to stimulate them to a better study of their own literature. All over the land he set up long inscriptions rehearsing the teaching of Gautama, and it is the simple and human teaching and not the preposterous accretions. Thirty-five of his inscriptions survive to this day. Moreover, he sent missionaries to spread the noble and reasonable teaching of his master throughout the world, to Kashmir, to Ceylon, to the

Seleucids, and the Ptolemies. It was one of these mission which carried that cutting of the Bo Tree, of which w have already told, to Ceylon.

For eight-and-twenty years Asoka worked sanely fo the real needs of men. Amidst the tens of thousand of names of monarchs that crowd the columns of history their majesties and graciousnesses and serenities and royal highnesses and the like, the name of Asoka shines and shines almost alone, a star. From the Volga to Japan his name is still honoured. China, Tibet, and even India, though it has left his doctrine, preserve the tradition of his greatness. More living men cherish his memory to-day than have ever heard the names of Constantine or Charlemagne.

From *The Outline of History*

IV. THE STOLEN BACILLUS

'THIS AGAIN,' said the Bacteriologist, slipping a glass slide under the microscope, 'is a preparation of the celebrated Bacillus of Cholera—the cholera germ.'

The pale-faced man peered down the microscope. He was evidently not accustomed to that kind of thing, and held a limp white hand over his disengaged eye. 'I see very little,' he said.

'Touch this screw,' said the Bacteriologist; 'perhaps the microscope is out of focus for you. Eyes vary so much. Just the fraction of a turn this way or that.'

'Ah! now I see,' said the visitor. 'Not so very much to see after all. Little streaks and shreds of pink. And yet those little particles, those mere atomies, might multiply and devastate a city! Wonderful!'

He stood up, and releasing the glass slip from the microscope, held it in his hand towards the window. 'Scarcely visible,' he said, scrutinising the preparation. He hesitated. 'Are these—alive? Are they dangerous now?'

'Those have been stained and killed,' said the Bacteriologist. 'I wish, for my own part we could kill and stain every one of them in the universe.'

'I suppose,' the pale man said with a slight smile, 'that you scarcely care to have such things about you in the living—in the active stage?'

'On the contrary, we are obliged to,' said the Bac-

teriologist. 'Here, for instance—' He walked acros the room and took up one of several sealed tubes. 'Her is the living thing. This is a cultivation of the actua living disease bacteria.' He hesitated. 'Bottled cholera so to speak.'

A slight gleam of satisfaction appeared momentaril in the face of the pale man. 'It's a deadly thing t have in your possession,' he said, devouring the littl tube with his eyes. The Bacteriologist watched th morbid pleasure in his visitor's expression. This man who had visited him that afternoon with a note of intro duction from an old friend, interested him from th very contrast of their dispositions. The lank black hai and deep grey eyes, the haggard expression and nervous manner, the fitful yet keen interest of his visitor were a novel change from the phlegmatic deliberations of th ordinary scientific worker with whom the Bacteriologis chiefly associated. It was perhaps natural, with a hearer evidently so impressionable to the lethal nature of his topic, to take the most effective aspect of the matter.

He held the tube in his hand thoughtfully. 'Yes, here is the pestilence imprisoned. Only break such a little tube as this into a supply of drinking-water, say to these minute particles of life that one must needs stain and examine with the highest powers of the micro scope even to see, and that one can neither smell nor taste—say to them: 'Go forth, increase and multiply, and replenish the cisterns,' and death—mysterious, un traceable death, death swift and terrible, death full of pain and indignity—would be released upon this city,

ಅಜ್ಜರ ಗಂಡಾಲಯ

and go hither and thither seeking his victims. Here he would take the husband from the wife, here the child from its mother, here the statesman from his duty, and here the toiler from his trouble. He would follow the water-mains, creeping along streets, picking out and punishing a house here and a house there where they did not boil their drinking-water, creeping into the wells of the mineral-water makers, getting washed into salad, and lying dormant in ices. He would wait ready to be drunk in the horse-troughs, and by unwary children in the public fountains. He would soak into the soil, to reappear in springs and wells at a thousand unexpected places. Once start him at the water supply, and before we could ring him in, and catch him again, he would have decimated the metropolis.'

107641

He stopped abruptly. He had been told rhetoric was his weakness.

'But he is quite safe here, you know—quite safe.'

The pale-faced man nodded. His eyes shone. He cleared his throat. 'These Anarchist-rascals,' said he, 'are fools, blind fools to use bombs when this kind of thing is attainable. I think—'

A gentle tap, a mere light touch of the finger-nails was heard at the door. The Bacteriologist opened it. 'Just a minute, dear,' whispered his wife.

When he re-entered the laboratory his visitor was looking at his watch. 'I had no idea I had wasted an hour of your time,' he said. 'Twelve minutes to four. I ought to have left here by half-past three. But your things were really interesting. No, positively I cannot

stop a moment longer. I have an engagement at four

He passed out of the room reiterating his thanks, an the Bacteriologist accompanied him to the door, an then returned thoughtfully along the passage to his labo ratory. He was musing on the ethnology of his visitor Certainly the man was not a Teutonic type, not common Latin one. 'A morbid product, anyhow, am afraid,' said the Bacteriologist to himself. 'How he gloated on those cultivations of disease-germs!' A disturbing thought struck him. He turned to the bench by the vapour-bath, and then very quickly to his writing table. Then he felt hastily in his pockets, and then rushed to the door. 'I may have put it down on the hall table,' he said.

'Minnie!' he shouted hoarsely in the hall.

'Yes, dear,' came a remote voice.

'Had I anything in my hand when I spoke to you dear, just now?' Pause.

'Nothing, dear, because I remember—'

'Blue ruin!' cried the Bacteriologist, and incontinently ran to the front door and down the steps of his house to the street.

Minnie, hearing the door slam violently, ran in alarm to the window. Down the street a slender man was getting into a cab. The Bacteriologist, hatless, and in his carpet slippers, was running and gesticulating wildly towards this group. One slipper came off, but he did not wait for it. 'He has gone mad!' said Minnie 'It's that horrid science of his;' and, opening the window, would have called after him. The slender

man, suddenly glancing round, seemed struck with the same idea of mental disorder. He pointed hastily to the Bacteriologist, said something to the cabman, the apron of the cab slammed, the whips swished, the horses' feet clattered, and in a moment the cab, the Bacteriologist hotly in pursuit, had receded up the vista of the roadway and disappeared round the corner.

Minnie remained straining out of the window for a minute. Then she drew her head back into the room again. She was dumbfounded. 'Of course he is eccentric,' she meditated. 'But running about London—in the height of the season too—in his socks!' A happy thought struck her. She hastily put her bonnet on, seized his shoes, went into the hall, took down his hat and light overcoat from the pegs, emerged upon the doorstep, and hailed a cab that opportunely crawled by. 'Drive me up the road and round Havelock Crescent, and see if we can find a gentleman running about in a velveteen coat and no hat.'

'Velveteen coat, ma'am, and no 'at. Very good, Ma'am.' And the cabman whipped up at once in the most matter-of-fact way, as if he drove to this address every day in his life.

Some few minutes later the little group of cabmen and loafers that collects round the cabmen's shelter at Haverstock Hill were startled by the passing of a cab with a ginger-coloured screw of a horse, driven furiously.

They were silent as it went by, and then as it receded —'That's 'Arry 'Icks. Wot's *he* got?' said the stout gentleman known as Old Tootles.

'He's a-using his whip, he is, *to* rights,' said the ostler boy.

'Hullow!' said poor old Tommy Byles; 'here's another bloomin' loonatic. Blowed if there ain't.'

'Its old George,' said old Tootles, 'and he's drivin' a loonatic, as you say. Ain't he a-clawin' out of the keb? Wonder if he's after 'Arry 'Icks?'

The group round the cabmen's shelter became animated. Chorus: 'Go it, George!' 'It's a race.' You'll ketch 'em!' 'Whip up!'

'She's a goer, she is!' said the ostler boy.

'Strike me giddy!' cried old Tootles. 'Here! I'm a-goin' to begin in a minute. Here's another comin'. If all the kebs in Hampstead ain't gone mad this morning!'

'It's a fieldmale this time,' said the ostler boy.

'She's a followin' him,' said old Tootles. 'Usually the other way about.'

'What's she got in her 'and?'

'Looks like a 'igh 'at.'

'What a bloomin' lark it is! Three to one on old George.' said the ostler boy. 'Next!'

Minnie went by in a perfect roar of applause. She did not like it but she felt that she was doing her duty, and whirled on down Haverstock Hill and Camden Town High Street with her eyes ever intent on the animated back view of old George, who was driving her vagrant husband so incomprehensively away from her.

The man in the foremost cab sat crouched in the

corner, his arms tightly folded, and the little tube that contained such vast possibilities of destruction gripped in his hand. His mood was a singular mixture of fear and exultation. Chiefly he was afraid of being caught before he could accomplish his purpose, but behind this was a vaguer but larger fear of the awfulness of his crime. But his exultation far exceeded his fear. No Anarchist before him had ever approached this conception of his. Ravachol, Vaillant, all those distinguished persons whose fame he had envied, dwindled into insignificance beside him. He had only to make sure of the water supply, and break the little tube into a reservoir. How brilliantly he had planned it, forged the letter of introduction and got into the laboratory, and how brilliantly he had seized his opportunity! The world should hear of him at last. All those people who had sneered at him, neglected him, preferred other people to him, found his company undesirable, should consider him at last. Death, death, death! They had always treated him as a man of no importance. All the world had been in a conspiracy to keep him under. He would teach them yet what it is to isolate a man. What was this familiar street? Great Saint Andrews' Street, of course! How fared the chase? He craned out of the cab. The Bacteriologist was scarcely fifty yards behind. That was bad. He would be caught and stopped yet. He felt in his pocket for money, and found half-a-sovereign. This he thrust up through the trap in the top of the cab into the man's face. 'More,' he shouted, 'if only we get away.'

The money was snatched out of his hand. 'Right you are,' said the cabman, and the trap slammed, and the lash lay along the glistening side of the horse. The cab swayed, and the Anarchist, half-standing under the trap, put the hand containing the little glass tube upon the apron to preserve his balance. He felt the brittle thing crack, and the broken half of it rang upon the floor of the cab. He fell back into the seat with a curse, and stared dismally at the two or three drops of moisture on the apron.

He shuddered.

'Well! I suppose I shall be the first. Phew! Anyhow, I shall be a Martyr. That's something. But it is a filthy death, nevertheless. I wonder if it hurts as much as they say.'

Presently a thought occured to him—he groped between his feet. A little drop was still in the broken end of the tube, and he drank that to make sure. It was better to make sure. At any rate, he would not fail.

Then it dawned upon him that there was no further need to escape the Bacteriologist. In Wellington Street he told the cabman to stop, and got out. He slipped on the step, and his head felt queer. It was rapid stuff, this cholera poison. He waved his cabman out of existence, so to speak, and stood on the pavement with his arms folded upon his breast, awaiting the arrival of the Bacteriologist. There was something tragic in his pose. The sense of imminent death gave him a certain dignity. He greeted his pursuer with a defiant laugh.

'Vive l'Anarchie! You are too late, my friend. I

have drunk it. The cholera is abroad!'

The Bacteriologist from his cab beamed curiously at him through his spectacles. 'You have drunk it! An Anarchist! I see now.' He was about to say something more, and then checked himself. A smile hung in the corner of his mouth. He opened the apron of his cab as if to descend, at which the Anarchist waved him a dramatic farewell and strode off towards Waterloo Bridge, carefully jostling his infected body against as many people as possible. The Bacteriologist was so preoccupied with the vision of him that he scarcely manifested the slightest surprise at the appearance of Minnie upon the pavement with his hat and shoes and overcoat. 'Very good of you to bring my things,' he said, and remained lost in contemplation of the receding figure of the Anarchist.

'You had better get in,' he said, still staring. Minnie felt absolutely convinced now that he was mad, and directed the cabman home on her own responsibility. 'Put on my shoes? Certainly, dear,' said he, as the cab began to turn, and hid the strutting black figure, now small in the distance, from his eyes. Then suddenly something grotesque struck him, and he laughed. Then he remarked, 'It is really very serious, though.'

'You see, that man came to my house to see me, and he is an Anarchist. No—don't faint, or I cannot possibly tell you the rest. And I wanted to astonish him, not knowing he was an Anarchist, and took up a cultivation of that new species of Bacterium I was telling you of, that infest, and I think cause, the blue patches upon

various monkeys; and like a fool, I said it was Asiati cholera. And he ran away with it to poison the wate of London, and he certainly might have made thing look blue for this civilized city. And now he has swal lowed it. Of course, I cannot say what will happen but you know it turned that kitten blue, and the three puppies—in patches, and the sparrow—bright blue. But the bother is, I shall have all the trouble and expense of preparing some more.'

'Put on my coat on this hot day! Why? Because we might meet Mrs. Jabber. My dear, Mrs. Jabber is not a draught. But why should I wear a coat on a hot day because of Mrs.—? Oh! very well.'

V. THE MARTIANS HAVE LANDED!

When I returned to the common the sun was setting. Scattered groups were hurrying from the direction of Woking, and one or two persons were returning. The crowd about the pit had increased, and stood out black against the lemon-yellow of the sky—a couple of hundred people, perhaps. There were a number of voices raised, and some sort of struggle appeared to be going on about the pit. Strange imaginings passed through my mind. As I drew nearer I heard Stent's voice:

'Keep back! Keep back!'

A boy came running towards me.

'It's a-movin', he said to me as he passed—'a-screwin' and a-screwin' out. I don't like it. I'm a-goin 'ome, I am.

I went on to the crowd. There were really, I should think, two or three hundred people elbowing and jostling one another, the one or two ladies there being by no means the least active.

'He's fallen in the pit!' cried someone.

'Keep back!' said several.

The crowd swayed a little, and I elbowed my way through. Everyone seemed greatly excited. I heard a peculiar humming sound from the pit.

'I say!' said Ogilvy, 'help keep these idiots back. We don't know what's in the confounded thing, you know!'

I saw a young man, a shop assistant in Woking, I believe. He was, standing on the cylinder and trying to scramble out of the hole again. The crowd had pushed him in.

The end of the cylinder was being screwed out from within. Nearly two feet of shining screw projected. Somebody blundered against me, and I narrowly missed being pitched on to the top of the screw. I turned, and as I did so the screw must have come out, and the lid of the cylinder fell upon the gravel with a ringing concussion. I stuck my elbow into the person behind me, and turned my head towards the thing again. For a moment that circular cavity seemed perfectly black. I had the sunset in my eyes.

I think everyone expected to see a man emerge—possibly something a little unlike us terrestrial men, but in all essentials a man. I know I did. But, looking, I presently saw something stirring within the shadow—greyish billowy movements, one above another, and then two luminous discs like eyes. Then something resembling a little grey snake, about the thickness of a walking-stick, coiled up out of the writhing middle, and wriggled in the air towards me—and then another.

A sudden chill came over me. There was a loud shriek from a woman behind. I half turned, keeping my eyes fixed upon the cylinder still, from which other tentacles were now projecting, and began pushing my way back from the edge of the pit. I saw astonishment giving place to horror on the faces of the people about me. I heard inarticulate exclamations on all sides.

There was a general movement backward. I saw the shopman struggling still on the edge of the pit. I found myself alone, and saw the people on the other side of the pit running off, Stent among them. I looked again at the cylinder, and ungovernable terror gripped me. I stood petrified and staring.

A big greyish, rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather. Two large dark-coloured eyes were regarding me steadfastly. It was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the brim of which quivered and panted, and dropped saliva. The body heaved and pulsated convulsively. A lank tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air.

Those who have never seen a living Martian can scarcely imagine the strange horror of their appearance. The peculiar V-shaped mouth with its pointed upper lip, the absence of brow ridges, the absence of a chin beneath the wedge-like lower lip, the incessant quivering of this mouth, the Gorgon groups of tentacles, the tumultuous breathing of the lungs in a strange atmosphere, the evident heaviness and painfulness of movement, due to the greater gravitational energy of the earth—above all, the extraordinary intensity of the immense eyes—culminated in an effect akin to nausea. There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of their tedious movements, unspeakably terrible. Even at this first

encounter, this first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread.

Suddenly the monster vanished. It had toppled over the brim of the cylinder and fallen into the pit, with a thud like the fall of a great mass of leather. I heard it give a peculiar thick cry, and forthwith another of these creatures appeared darkly in the deep shadow of the aperture.

At that my rigour of terror passed away. I turned and, running madly, made for the first group of trees, perhaps a hundred yards away; but I ran slantingly and stumbling, for I could not avert my face from these things.

There, among some young pine-trees and furze-bushes, I stopped, panting, and awaited further developments. The common round the sand-pits was dotted with people, standing, like myself, in a half-fascinated terror, staring at these creatures, or, rather, at the heaped gravel at the edge of the pit in which they lay. And then, with a renewed horror, I saw a round, black object bobbing up and down on the edge of the pit. It was the head of the shopman who had fallen in, but showing as a little black object against the hot western sky. Now he got his shoulder and knee up, and again he seemed to slip back until only his head was visible. Suddenly he vanished, and I could have fancied a faint shriek had reached me. I had a momentary impulse to go back and help him that my fears overruled.

Everything was then quite invisible, hidden by the deep pit and the heap of sand that the fall of the cylinder

had made. Anyone coming along the road from Chobham or Woking would have been amazed at the sight —a dwindling multitude of perhaps a hundred people or more standing in a great irregular circle, in ditches, behind bushes, behind gates and hedges, saying little to one another, and that in short, excited shouts, and staring, staring hard at a few heaps of sand. The barrow of ginger-beer stood, a queer derelict, black against the burning sky, and in the sand-pits was a row of deserted vehicles with their horses feeding out of nose-bags or pawing the ground.

* * * *

After the glimpse I had had of the Martians emerging from the cylinder in which they had come to the earth from their planet, a kind of fascination paralysed my actions. I remained standing knee-deep in the heather, staring at the mound that hid them. I was a battle-ground of fear and curiosity.

I did not dare to go back towards the pit, but I felt a passionate longing to peer into it. I began walking, therefore, in a big curve, seeking some point of vantage, and continually looking at the sand-heaps that hid these new-comers to our earth. Once a leash of thin black whips, like the arms of an octopus, flashed across the sunset and was immediately withdrawn, and afterwards a thin rod rose up, joint by joint, bearing at its apex a circular disc that spun with a wobbling motion. What could be going on there?

Most of the spectators had gathered in one or two groups—one a little crowd towards Woking, the other a knot of people in the direction of Chobham. Evidently they shared my mental conflict. There were few near me. One man I approached—he was, I perceived, a neighbour of mine, though I did not know his name—and accosted. But it was scarcely a time for articulate conversation.

'What ugly *brutes*!' he said. 'Good God! what ugly brutes!' He repeated this over and over again.

'Did you see a man in the pit?' I said; but he made me no answer to that. We became silent, and stood watching for a time side by side, deriving, I fancy, a certain comfort in one another's company. Then I shifted my position to a little knoll that gave me the advantage of a yard or more of elevation, and when I looked for him presently he was walking towards Woking.

The sunset faded to twilight before anything further happened. The crowd far away on the left, towards Woking, seemed to grow, and I heard now a faint murmur from it. The little knot of people towards Chobham dispersed. There was scarcely an intimation of movement from the pit.

It was this, as much as anything, that gave people courage, and I suppose the new arrivals from Woking also helped to restore confidence. At any rate, as the dusk came on, a slow, intermittent movement upon the sand-pits began, a movement that seemed to gather force as the stillness of the evening about the cylinder remained

unbroken. Vertical black figures in twos and threes would advance, stop, watch and advance again, spreading out as they did so in a thin irregular crescent that promised to enclose the pit in its attenuated horns. I, too, on my side began to move towards the pit.

Then I saw some cabmen and others had walked boldly into the sand-pits, and heard the clatter of hoofs and the grind of wheels. I saw a lad trundling off the barrow of apples. And then, within thirty yards of the pit, advancing from the direction of Horsell, I noted a little black knot of men, the foremost of whom was waving a white flag.

This was the Deputation. There had been a hasty consultation, and, since the Martians were evidently, in spite of their repulsive forms, intelligent creatures, it had been resolved to show them, by approaching them with signals, that we, too, were intelligent.

Flutter, flutter, went the flag, first to the right, then to the left. It was too far for me to recognize anyone there, but afterwards I learnt that Ogilvy, Stent, and Henderson were with others in this attempt at communication. This little group had in its advance dragged inward, so to speak, the circumference of the now almost complete circle of people, and a number of dim black figures followed it at discreet distances.

Suddenly there was a flash of light, and a quantity of luminous greenish smoke came out of the pit in three distinct puffs, which drove up, one after the other, straight into the still air.

This smoke (or flame, perhaps, would be the better

word for it) was so bright that the deep blue sky overhead, and the hazy stretches of brown common towards Chertsey, set with black pine-trees, seemed to darken abruptly as these puffs arose, and to remain the darker after their dispersal. At the same time a faint hissing sound became audible.

Beyond the pit stood the little wedge of people, with the white flag at its apex, arrested by these phenomena, a little knot of small vertical black shapes upon the black ground. As the green smoke rose, their faces flashed out pallid green, and faded again as it vanished.

Then slowly the hissing passed into a humming, into a long, loud, droning noise. Slowly a humped shape rose out of the pit, and the ghost of a beam of light seemed to flicker out from it.

Forthwith flashes of actual flame, a bright glare leaping from one to another, sprang from the scattered group of men. It was as if some invisible jet impinged upon them and flashed into white flame. It was as if each man were suddenly and momentarily turned to fire.

Then, by the light of their own destruction, I saw them staggering and falling, and their supporters turning to run.

I stood staring, not as yet realizing that this was death leaping from man to man in that little distant crowd. All I felt was that it was something strange. An almost noiseless and blinding flash of light, and a man fell headlong and lay still, and as the unseen shaft of heat passed over them, pinetrees burst into fire, and every dry furze-bush became with one dull thud a mass

of flames. And far away towards Knaphill I saw the flashes of trees and hedges and wooden buildings suddenly set alight.

It was sweeping round swiftly and steadily, this flaming death, this invisible, inevitable sword of heat. I perceived it coming towards me by the flashing bushes it touched, and was too astounded and stupefied to stir. I heard the crackle of fire in the sand-pits and the sudden squeal of a horse that was as suddenly stilled. Then it was as if an invisible yet intensely heated finger was drawn through the heather between me and the Martians, and all along a curving line beyond the sand-pits the dark ground smoked and crackled. Something fell with a crash, far away to the left where the road from Woking Station opens out on the common. Forthwith the hissing and humming ceased, and the black, dome-like object sank slowly out of sight into the pit.

All this had happened with such swiftness that I had stood motionless, dumbfounded and dazzled by the flashes of light. Had that death swept through a full-circle, it must inevitably have slain me in my surprise. But it passed and spared me, and left the night about me suddenly dark and unfamiliar.

The undulating common seemed now dark almost to blackness, except where its roadways lay grey and pale under the deep-blue sky of the early night. It was dark, and suddenly void of men. Overhead the stars were mustering, and in the west the sky was still a pale, bright, almost greenish blue. The tops of the pine-trees

and the roofs of Horsell came out sharp and blac against the western after-glow. The Martians and the appliances were altogether invisible, save for that thi mast upon which their restless mirror wobbled. Patche of bush and isolated trees here and there smoked an glowed still, and the houses towards Woking Statio were sending up spires of flame into the stillness of th evening air.

Nothing was changed save for that and a terribl astonishment. The little group of black specks with th flag of white had been swept out of existence, and th stillness of the evening, so it seemed to me, had scarcely been broken.

It came to me that I was upon this dark common helpless, unprotected, and alone. Suddenly like a thing falling upon me from without came—Fear.

With an effort I turned and began a stumbling run through the heather.

The fear I felt was no rational fear but a panic terror, not only of the Martians, but of the dusk and stillness all about me. Such an extraordinary effect in unmanning me it had that I ran weeping silently as a child might do. Once I had turned, I did not dare to look back.

I remember I felt an extraordinary persuasion that I was being played with, that presently, when I was upon the very verge of safety, this mysterious death—as swift as the passage of light—would leap after me from the pit about the cylinder, and strike me down.

* * * *

It is still a matter of wonder how the Martians are able to slay men so swiftly and so silently. Many think that in some way they are able to generate an intense heat in a chamber of practically absolute non-conductivity. This intense heat they project in a parallel beam against any object they choose by means of a polished parabolic mirror of unknown composition—much as the parabolic mirror of a lighthouse projects a beam of light. But no one has absolutely proved these details. However it is done, it is certain that a beam of heat is the essence of the matter. Heat, and invisible instead of visible light. Whatever is combustible flashes into flame at its touch, lead runs like water; it softens iron, cracks and melts glass, and when it falls upon water incontinently that explodes into steam.

That night nearly forty people lay under the starlight about the pit, charred and distorted beyond recognition, and all night long the common from Horsell to Maybury was deserted, and brightly ablaze.

The news of the massacre probably reached Chobham, Woking, and Ottershaw about the same time. In Woking the shops had closed when the tragedy happened, and a number of people, shop-people and so forth, attracted by the stories they had heard, were walking over Horsell Bridge and along the road between the hedges that run out at last upon the common. You may imagine the young people brushed up after the labours of the day, and making this novelty, as they would make any novelty, the excuse for walking together and enjoying a trivial flirtation. You may figure to

yourself the hum of voices along the road in th gloaming. . . .

As yet, of course, few people in Woking even knev that the cylinder had opened, though poor Henderso had sent a messenger on a bicycle to the post-office wit a special wire to an evening paper.

As these folks came out by twos and threes upon th open, they found little knots of people talking excitedly and peering at the spinning mirror over the sand-pits and the new-comers were, no doubt, soon infected b the excitement of the occasion.

By half past eight, when the Deputation was destroyed there may have been a crowd of 300 people or more at this place, besides those who had left the road to approach the Martians nearer. There were three police-men, too, one of whom was mounted, doing their best, under instructions from Stent, to keep the people back and deter them from approaching the cylinder. There was some booing from those more thoughtless and excit-able souls to whom a crowd is always an occasion for noise and horse-play.

Stent and Ogilvy, anticipating some possibilities of a collision, had telegraphed from Horsell to the barracks as soon as the Martians emerged, for the help of a company of soldiers to protect these strange creatures from violence. After that they returned to lead that ill-fated advance. The description of their death, as it was seen by the crowd, tallies very closely with my own impressions: the three puffs of green smoke, the deep humming note, and the flashes of flame.

But that crowd of people had a far narrower escape than mine. Only the fact that a hummock of heathery sand intercepted the lower part of the Heat-Ray saved them. Had the elevation of the parabolic mirror been a few yards higher, none could have lived to tell the tale. They saw the flashes, and the men falling, and an invisible hand, as it were, lit the bushes as it hurried towards them through the twilight. Then, with a whistling note that rose above the droning of the pit, the beam swung close over their heads, lighting the tops of the beech-trees that line the road, and splitting the bricks, smashing the windows, firing the window-frames, and bringing down in crumbling ruin a portion of the gable of the house nearest the corner.

In the sudden thud, hiss, and glare of the igniting trees, the panic-stricken crowd seems to have swayed hesitatingly for some moments.

Sparks and burning twigs began to fall into the road, and single leaves like puffs of flame. Hats and dresses caught fire. Then came a crying from the common.

There were shrieks and shouts, and suddenly a mounted policeman came galloping through the confusion with his hands clasped over his head, screaming.

'They're coming!' a woman shrieked, and incontinently everyone was turning and pushing at those behind, in order to clear their way to Woking again. They must have bolted as blindly as a flock of sheep. Where the road grows narrow and black between the high banks the crowd jammed and a desperate struggle occurred. All that crowd did not escape; three persons

at least, two women and a little boy, were crushed a
trampled there and left to die amidst the terror a
the darkness.

From *The War of the Worl*

VI. THE ECOLOGICAL OUTLOOK

The cardinal fact in the problem of the human future is the increase in the speed of change. The colonization of new countries, the change from forest to fields, the reclamation of land from sea, the making of lakes, the introduction of new animals and plants—all these in prehuman evolution were the affairs of secular time, where a thousand years are but as yesterday, but now they are achieved in centuries or even decades. One cannot estimate such changes exactly, but we shall not be far out if we say that man is imposing on the life of the world a rate of change ten thousand times as great as any rate of change it ever knew before.

In the second place, the change is becoming deliberate. What before was achieved by slow shiftings of balance due to unconscious competition is now being forced on nature at the point of human consciousness. And man is envisaging new methods of dealing with the old problems. He is tapping new sources of chemical supply and new sources of energy. He may even succeed in dispensing with green plants as prime producers, and himself obtain the manufacture of food-stuffs direct from their elements.

In all this there is promise; but there is also danger. The disadvantages of prehuman methods of evolution are their appalling slowness, their equally appalling wastefulness, and the fact that what is achieved is simply

something that will work, and not something planned t
work in the best and smoothest way. It is, human
speaking, stupid that each year three-quarters of a
the young that singing birds produce must come t
nothing, and perhaps ninety-nine per cent of all the seed
that are made by flowers. It is stupid that the life-com
munity, in its task of utilizing the resources of nature
should be hampered by unnecessary middlemen and b
creatures that short-circuit the vital circulation, bu
that is what the unrestricted competition of life leads to
as it leads to the sufferings of bacterial disease, and t
parasite cruelty. It is stupid, again from our human
standpoint, that the world had to rotate on its axis som
fifty thousand million times after the reptiles began t
dominate it, before their brainless ascendancy wa
brought to an end in favour of the mammals.

Yet these disadvantages involve certain countervailing
advantages. Such wastage evokes enormous reserves
The exuberance which most living things must posses
to survive at all in such a wasteful world is one of thei
beauties; and the reserves of energy, of leisure, of re
productive capacity which life must possess against the
time of struggle, have been the soil out of which precious
and unexpected advances have blossomed. If progress
has been slow, it has been steady; if competition seems
to have generated an unnecessary variety, yet it has
ensured that when one type perished, new types were
always present to take its place; if the communities of life
are slow growths, they are adjusted and balanced growths;
and epidemic disease and parasites, however cruel and

wasteful, are among the checks and counterchecks by which this adjustment is maintained.

And conversely, the advantages opened up to man by the possibility of conscious quick attack upon his problems have their dangers. He can colonize a new country in record time and bring in his own appurtenances in the way of domestic animals and crop-plants; but, as we have seen, he almost inevitably upsets the balance of nature in the process and introduces devastating pests. He can make the soil produce a life-community which, like a wheatcrop, or a combination of grass and cattle, shall be most efficiently adapted to the one particular purpose he has in view; but he will be upsetting the chemical balance by removing the crop from where it grew without replacing its mineral constituents. He can tap new sources of food and energy; but too often lives on capital without putting by anything for the future. He can eliminate economic waste: but he runs the risk of creating a life without exuberance, with all the reserves of vitality thrown into the daily struggle. He can reduce disease and the wastage of human life; he is brought up against the danger of perpetuating weakly stocks that might better never exist at all. In a word, man can see what he wants; and because he sees what he wants he can make an immediate bid for it, and change the face of things with unbiological rapidity. But he will be very unlikely by the light of nature to see all the multifarious consequences of his bid; and too often the consequences will be quite different from what he wanted, and will turn to his harm instead of his help.

What makes it possible for man to go fast is his conscious mind and deliberate purpose. But it is not enough that merely his aim and his main effort towards it should be conscious; the whole process must be conscious. He cannot leave details to Nature and expect her to be on his side. He cannot mix the new process and the old. That is why the formidable apparatus of organized research and applied science is necessary if civilization is to continue; for it is the only possible substitute for Nature's clumsy sequences of secular struggle, the sacrifice of the many for the few, broadcast waste to ensure the rare lucky survival, ruthless pruning, adaptation through strife and death.

From the standpoint of biological economics, of which human economics is but a part, man's general problem is this—to make the vital circulation of matter and energy as swift, efficient, and wasteless as it can be made, and, since we are first and foremost a continuing race, to see that we are not achieving an immediate efficiency at the expense of later generations.

To this end, man, with the aid of scientific breeding and selection, can produce organisms which are quicker and more efficient transformers of matter than anything found in Nature; but he can only do so if he helps Nature to satisfy their increased demands. A mere truism? Not by any means. It is true that since before recorded history cultivators and stock-raisers have used natural manure and extra fodder; it is true that in the last century, since the work of Leibig, Lawes and Gilbert, the employment of chemical manures has become almost universal.

But up till quite recently man has taken little thought for the morrow beyond the single crop. It is true again that he has been forced by the demands of his wheat and corn to let his land lie fallow from time to time, or to introduce nitrogen-catching crops, like clover or lupins, into his rotation; but that is only a beginning and the depletion of grassland we have just been considering is a reminder of the seriousness of the problem in other fields.

At last his difficulties are driving him back to first principles. In the last couple of centuries he has accelerated the circulation of matter—from raw materials to food and tools and luxuries and back to raw matter again to an unprecedented speed. But he has done it by drawing on reserves of capital. He is using up the bottled sunshine of coal thousands of times more quickly than Nature succeeds in storing it; and the same rate of wastage holds for oil and natural gas. By reckless cutting without re-afforestation, he has not only been incurring a timber lack which future generations will have to face, but he has been robbing great stretches of the world of their soil and even of the climate which plant evolution had given them. This stripping the land of trees, soil, and moisture has gone on both in East and West. It is serious on the Mediterranean mountains; but it has reached its climax in China. That land is so densely populated that trees have given place to food-plants; there are often no trees at all, or only in gardens, over great tracts of country. Wood for fuel is in such parts almost unknown; the people burn straw and dung and refuse.

By over-killing man has exterminated magnificent

creatures like the bison as wild species. Less than
century ago, herds numbered by the hundred thousan
covered the Great Plains. Buffalo Bill killed 4,28
bison with his own rifle in a year and a half; and that wa
far from being a record. The United States Goverr
ment detailed troops to help in the slaughter; in order t
force the Indians, by depriving them of their normal sub
sistence, to settle down to agricultural life on reservations
Today there remain a few small protected herds.

By over-killing he has almost wiped out whales in th
northern hemisphere, and unless some internationa
agreement is soon arrived at, the improvement of engine
of destruction is likely to do the same for the antarcti
seas. If he is not careful, the fur-bearers will go the sam
road; and the big game of the world is doomed to go
and to go speedily, unless we take measures to stop it
extinction. By taking crop after crop of wheat and corn
out of the land in quick succession, he exhausted the riches
of the virgin soils of the American west: and is now doing
the same for the grass-lands of the world by taking crop
after crop of sheep and cattle off them. To make good
these losses of the soil, he has crushed up the nitre of
Chile, the guano of Peru, the stores of phosphate rock in
various parts of the earth's crust. But these too are capital
and the end of them is in sight. The recklessness of the
nineteenth century was appalling. Linnaeus gave man
the title of *Homo sapiens*, Man the Wise. One is sometimes
tempted to agree with Professor Richet, who thinks that
a more suitable designation would have been *Homo stultus*,
Man the Fool.

Man's chief need to-day is to look ahead. He must plan his food and energy circulation as carefully as a board of directors plans a business. He must do it as one community, on a world-wide basis; and as a species, on a continuing basis. In the first place, he must learn to adjust population to supplies, and not be always and only thinking of the adjustment of supplies to population. Population may soon need to be controlled as urgently as war or unrestricted individualism needs to be controlled now. In the matter of supplies he must make provision for the future; the species must have its reserves of nitrogen and phosphorus, of timber-growth and soil-fertility, of useful animals and of sources of energy, just as surely as the Bank of England must have its reserves of gold and credit, or a factory must allow for the depreciation of its plant.

As a matter of fact, the situation is not so bad as it looks at first sight. We are using up our coal and oil; but water-power is always with us, and there are tide-power and sun-power and wind-power for us to tap. We are using up our oil; but sooner or later we shall replace it satisfactorily by power-alcohol made from plants. All over the world scientific forestry is beginning to replace irresponsible lumbering. The Peruvian Government's regulations for their guano islands have ensured that each year the birds shall contribute to the needs of the future as much as man removes for the needs of the present. The nitre-beds will be finished up, but humanity need no longer worry, now that a way has been found for bringing nitrogen from the air's inexhaustible

reservoirs into a form available for plants. Internation agreements have not only saved the Alaskan fur-sea from imminent destruction, but restored them to abund ance.

In the 70's of the last century, the herd of fur-seals o the Pribiloff Islands off Alaska numbered about two-and a-half million individuals. So long as animals were onl killed on the islands, the number taken each year could b regulated. But private enterprise began to kill them o the high seas—with the result that by 1896 there were les than 600,000 left, and in 1911, only just over 200,000 In that year, however, all killing of fur-seals at sea wa prohibited by international agreement, and by 1924 the herd numbered 700,000, and is still continuing to increase. If the whalers and the trappers and the big-game hunters are not too stupid to take similar pre-cautions, whales and fur-bearing creatures and big game can be saved too.

In these fields man has only got to take a little trouble and he needs not fear the future. But in the matter of phosphorus, the prospects are not so bright. Phosphorus is an essential constituent of all living creatures. It is, however, a rather rare element in nature, constituting only about one seven-hundredth part of the earth's crust. In the ocean, the proportion is infinitesimal, only five parts of phosphate to one hundred thousand of sea-water. This is because phosphorus is the limiting factor for marine life. To exist at all, living matter in the sea must con-tain, per unit of weight, almost one hundred times as much phosphorus as the surrounding water. Most of the

sea's phosphorus is imprisoned in living bodies. Of all the phosphorus in the sea and in its animals and plants, some gets back to land in guano, some in phosphate deposits made of fossil bones and shells, some in fish that man catches and brings ashore; but all this is a trifling fraction of the whole, and for the most part slow-accumulating. On land, meanwhile, the soil is losing phosphorus all the time, partly by leaching out into rivers, partly by crop depletion. From the soil of the United States alone the equivalent of some six million tons of phosphate is disappearing every year; and only about a quarter of this is put back in fertilizers. Meanwhile, the store of fertilizers is being depleted, and man (*Homo stultus* again!) is sluicing phosphorus recklessly into the ocean in sewage. Each year, the equivalent of over a million tons of phosphate rock is thus dumped out to sea, most of it for all practical purposes irrecoverable. The Chinese may be less sanitary in their methods of sewage disposal, but they are certainly more sensible; in China, what has been taken out of the soil is put back into the soil. It is urgently necessary that Western 'civilized' man shall alter his methods of sewage disposal. If he does not, there will be a phosphorus shortage, and therefore a food shortage, in a few generations. But even if he does that he will still have to keep his eye on phosphorus; it is the weak link in the vital chain on which his civilization is supported.

From *The Science of Life*

VII. CANDOUR

The conception of the conscious individual that is built up by modern biological science and introspective psychology differs in many respects from the older idea of a human self. The older idea was more compact and definite and altogether unified. John Everyman was just plain John Everyman and evermore should be so. In those unanalytical days people no more questioned that than they questioned that Old England was Old England or that people were either good or bad. But the scalpel, the microscope, the study of the less familiar aspects of life and the searchlight of an intensive criticism have all combined to undermine our confidence in the simplicity and absolute integrity of individuals. We begin to apprehend the transitory, provisional, and fluctuating factors and aspects of a human self.

In those unsuspicious pre-scientific days John Everyman could really think of himself as boxed-up in himself, as absolutely separate from all the rest of things, able to keep his thoughts and motives to himself, free to do just what he liked with himself. He could make his own plans for his own ends. He could lie and cheat other people, but it did not occur to him that he could ever lie to himself.

But now objective science is bringing it home to Mr. Everyman that he is a product of organic evolution and

that this conscious individuality of his is a synthesis of processes, which is directed rather to the survival of a collection of genes than to its own distinct and separate affairs. He has been boxed-up in himself for a particular end, and that boxing-up is not the primary verity he thought it was. And psycho-analysis shows him that, all unawares, his ego has been perpetually imposing interpretations upon the intimations of fact that come to him, exalting this in the persona or thrusting that down out of recognition into the anima. It dawns upon him nowadays that this working idea of conduct as a boxed-off separate game against the universe may be illusion. He is not entitled to all that privacy. It was a narrow and cunning idea of existence. He belongs, he now apprehends, to something greater than himself, something that modern science is gradually enabling him to realize. He is a part. He is not a cut-off unity. He is neither a beginning nor an end.

As this realization soaks into people's minds, it changes their attitude to conduct very profoundly. They develop what is called 'the scientific attitude of mind'; the scientific style of behaviour. The first, most marked characteristic of this modern attitude is the unprecedented value it gives to candour. We are all experiments together, says biology; we are all serving in the education and growth of life, and all the plotting and planning and hiding things from each other for small private and personal advantages that constituted the bulk of human reactions in the past is seen suddenly for the waste and folly it is. The psycho-analyst has revealed to us the

advantages of candour with ourselves, the advance o science in the last two centuries has opened before us th splendour of candour between man and man. A com mandment, omitted strangely enough from the Te delivered at Sinai, has become the dominant one for th new world: 'Tell the Truth. Hide nothing.'

As that has been realized as a primary duty the pattern of persona in fashion in our world has undergone enor mous changes. We have no quantitative science o conduct, no systems of measuring changes in the mora atmosphere, but it will express something of what we are seeking to convey if we assert that the changes in the spirit and nature of conduct that have occurred in our modern communities during the past hundred years far exceed any of the changes in mechanical realities or any of the extensions of knowledge that have gone on during the same period. A hundred years ago conduct went on under a burthen of definite injunctions and definite prohibitions, under a burthen of repressions and concealments that have become almost inconceivable to-day. To go back to the novels and plays before the new era began is to realize something but not all of that change. All life in these representations seems to be going on in blinkers, to be 'make-believe' enforced in the most terrible and cruel fashion. Everyone pretended to be pious, patriotic and genteel, and many succeeded in being so. The Unconscious was indeed a cesspool in those days, and the general decorum was relieved by outbreaks of dirty and nasty libidinousness. These lacked even the dignity of defiance. They were flushed and furtive in manner;

they were made for the sake of their foulness rather than their freedom, like the stories of mediaeval monks. There was plenty of shamefaced vice, but then so many things were vicious. The sexual suppressions of the genteel found release in a perpetual discussion and reprobation of 'the nude'. All mankind seemed hiding from itself. Souls and bodies were hidden even from their owners. Slowly throughout the past hundred years the long lost human form has been unveiled from the ankles upward and from the chin downward. The long lost human soul has dared an even greater unveiling. Could our great-grandparents be brought alive again to-day, the miracle would probably be wasted upon them. They would die of shock.

To them our atmosphere would seem to be one of blinding candour, of reckless revelation. If they did not instantly die they might come to realize and even admit that social existence is already cleaner, easier, happier, and better than it has ever been before.

The movement towards frankness, which marks the new confidence in reality that has been diffused throughout the modern community by scientific progress, is still only in its opening phase. Great sections of the human population remain untouched by it and whole regions of the world. So far the main initiatives of the dawning scientific period (for we are still only in its dawn) have produced little more than a conspicuous abundance of mechanisms, a more efficient hygiene, and these new qualities of the persona that are spreading so rapidly about the world. The exterior things were the easiest to

achieve, steam and electric mechanisms, ships of stee great guns, chemical dyes, aeroplanes, submarines. I is more difficult to undermine and replace mental orga nizations. They live out their lives, will neither chang nor die, and offer great individual and collective resist ances. They insist therefore upon a slower rate of pro gressive change.

It is easier to scrap a stage-coach than a public school and to cover the world with a network of wireless mes sages than to change the framework of a system of ideas. The bitter experiences of great wars and much waste and suffering seem to mark an unavoidable phase in the adjustment of such serviceable ideas of the past as pat riotism and loyalty to the ever-broadening necessities of the coming years. In social and political questions, and in particular in our loyalties and patriotisms, we are still terribly insincere and repressed. There remains far more political than sexual repression. The affairs of this swiftly developing world of mankind are now being conducted, obstinately and tenaciously, in accordance with traditional pictures of the universe that are anything from fifty to a thousand years out of date.

From *The Science of Life*

VIII. A SHORT HISTORY OF LEISURE

One inevitable consequence of continuing human progress is a steady increase of human leisure and human resources. At present much of that leisure takes the form of unemployment and impoverishment, but that need not be so, and also, as needlessly, much of the wealth and vitality we have accumulated is guided by patriots and munition salesmen into the disagreeable and unprofitable expenditure of war preparation and the consequent war orgies. Nevertheless, for the present, at any rate, humanity enjoys much more surplus time and energy than the past ever knew. How that surplus time and energy is employed is a necessary part of the human spectacle. It is a developing aspect of that spectacle. It opens out a vista of very important and perhaps even very novel activities in the future.

No sociologist has yet attempted to measure the leisure of a community. No biologist indeed has yet devised a comparative scale for the surplus energy of a species. To the *Science of life*, Julian Huxley contributed some very interesting and suggestive material on the play of animals. He wrote that living species for the most part stick closely to business; they do not play. Play appears only with the more intelligent vertebrates. It is of definite biological importance, and it is for the most part confined to the young. It is almost entirely an educational rehearsal of the serious activities ahead of the young. But

among creatures at the level of dogs and cats, even th adults in times of abundance will lark about and exercis themselves. Generally, indeed, when they are grown u they sleep, digest and recuperate between exertions, bu the play is there. When we come to the monkeys an apes, there is considerable restlessness and activity, ever on the part of the mature, outside the food hunt and the sexual storm. They are not only sexually excessive but curious and experimental. Many birds also release exuberant energy in song beyond any biological need, and penguins, ravens and jackdaws will play in a very human manner.

Nomads and savages, in favourable seasons, have time on their hands and a surplus of energy to expend. They exercise and dance and play games, decorate themselves, make amusing objects. But the onset of the larger cultivating community, the onset of foresight, that is, and enforced toil, restricted the spontaneous activities of the multitude very greatly. Only a limited proportion of the people won to any notable share of free time and free activities. The mass was caught and remained entangled in the net of unavoidable work.

Throughout the ages of cultivation, the peasants, the great majority of mankind, have had little leisure or surplus energy. The life of the peasant is still a very continuous round of labour; in Christendom he goes to mass (itself the vestige of a fertility blood sacrifice) on Sunday morning, but often before and after that on Sunday he finds something to be done to his ground. His wife and womenfolk, and the wife and womenfolk

of the smaller townspeople, seem unendingly busy. As the proverb goes, 'A woman's work is never ended'. Over all the countries affected by the Hebrew tradition there is indeed the Sabbath, but that is not a day of leisure and the release of surplus energy; it is a day not of enjoyment but of ceremonial inactivity, a day of restraint. Chess may be played by the orthodox but not games for money, and the gad-about is restricted to the limits of a 'Sabbath day's journey'. The relationship of the Judaeo-Christian Sabbath to other days when work is taboo, for workless days are found all over the world, is discussed in Hutton Webster's *Rest Days*.

The festivals of the cultivating communities, apart from seedtime and harvest sacrifices, are few; they have lost the frequent dances, so stirring and hygienic, of the more savage people. Man, as we have insisted throughout this book, is not by nature a toiler: toil is a phase in his development; he has had to be subdued to toil, and whenever an excuse appears, cheerfulness breaks through. Nevertheless, through the ages in which the main human community has been developing, through the last seven or eight thousand years, that is, the great industrious working majority has been almost devoid of leisure and spontaneous activities.

It was only at the centres where wealth accumulated or where a strong element of nomadism remained in the social mixture that holy days lost their severity and became holidays. The pastoral peoples have never given up their races, that exciting trying out of horses, and among them we find also the bull-fight and such-like

sports. These mingle with foot-races and combati exercises. The nomad trader brought his more eventf habits to meet the peasant spirit in the market and fai The gipsy stirs up peasant life. The fair with its show is a very ancient thing in social life. A few score time in his existence the peasant goes to the fair, partly t trade but also to feast, dance, get drunk, fight and, fo a few precious hours, relax from his lifelong servitude t the soil.

Great towns, in which a large element of the popu lation like the Roman voters, for example, was exempted in some exceptional way from the need for continuous labour, display the maximum of leisure in the ancient world. In the classical period the architectural evidences of real holiday-keeping appear in amphitheatres and hippodromes. We find those clubs of the ancient world, the baths, becoming important features of the urban life. There and in groves and temple precincts we find also gentlemen of leisure meeting to walk and gossip, and presently to engage in philosophical discussion.

Except for the leisure of these favoured centres, a leisure which vanished again for long centuries with the collapse of the Roman system, the ordinary human life in the cultivating community throughout history has had neither leisure nor recreation. It is only with the coming of power machinery and large industry, that the work of the common human being begins to be limited to regular hours, leaving a daily margin of daylight and activity, and that a grudged but increasing amount of holiday appears. Nowadays there is leisure for all. The

modern worker, under good conditions, gets his daily, weekly and annual leisure as he gets his daily bread. Never did the mediaeval worker waste daylight as he does. It is quite a delusion to think that the past was leisure time and that this is a driving time. The past was a time of almost universal drudgery and insufficiency, and the ages of leisure and plenty lie ahead.

Some interesting books about leisure (C. E. M. Joad's *Diogenes or the Future of Leisure*, for example) have been written recently, but there is as yet no comprehensive survey of the ways in which this expanding element of surplus time and vigour is being used. That limitless encyclopaedia of which we are always dreaming would trace in its ample pages how leisure has spread down from class to class in the last century or so, and how new occupations have been found for it. Man does not like prescribed toil, but man is an energetic creature and leisure has never meant idleness for him. Probably our encyclopaedia would classify man's leisure activities roughly after this fashion: as (1) exercise and sports, (2) hygienically unprofitable games, (3) sexual dissipation, gluttony and drunkenness, (4) gossip, parading in costumes and loafing about, (5) seeing shows, (6) wandering and travelling to see and learn, (7) making things for pleasure, or, as the Victorians called it, 'hobbies', passing insensibly into (8) art, (9) philosophy, scientific enquiry and experiment.

The student of the general history of leisure will go very largely for his material to the contemporary novels, plays and accounts of lives and 'characters' of the past.

These begin to bear their witness about the period
the Reformation after a phase of pestilence and soci
warfare had strained the mediaeval economy severel
There was little fun upon the toiling, needy countrysid
then except for the seasonal holidays, 'May game
Whitsun ales, Morris dances, leaping and vaulting
The village seniors played skittles and quoits and dran
beer, and the visit of a garrulous pedlar was an even
A book of ancient 'sports and pastimes' would no
rouse the envy of a slum child to-day. Except perhap
the bull and bear baiting. The town worker had t
practise his archery in any time he had to give it, and
to make sure that he did so, lapses into football an
other games were legislated against and severel
punished. Bowling was prohibited altogether in Englan
'for the meaner sort of people'. After darkness stopped
the work, before they went to sleep, there was taverning
'eaves-dropping' in the villages and mischief in th
dark streets. Only the fairly well-to-do had light enough
for reading. The leisure of the common people, if on
reads between the lines of the increasing literature o
the times, shrinks rather than expands throughout th
seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. People do no
seem to be working vigorously, but they are incessantly
drudging. They knew no better; they did not complain.

Meanwhile, in the accumulating mass of more pros-
perous people, the beginnings of all the nine categories
of activity just enumerated were appearing. People
who once rode about their business and hunted by
necessity, now rode and hunted for health and pleasure.

The deadly pastime of card games was elaborated, and a touch of reality given to its futility by gambling. It is less trying to the eyes to play cards than to read by candlelight. One got drunk in the dining-room and made love discreetly in the drawing-room, and the gentry periodically left their estates to their stewards and forgathered at Bath and Tunbridge Wells and in London, observing and getting excitements out of the novel people they encountered. The theatre reappeared; not the informative miracle play of the Church, but the comedy and tragedy of the classical world adapted to modern needs. Much attention began to be paid to witticisms and sentiments. The reader may find the sort of witticisms in Swift's *Polite Conversation*. The novel developed.

There was, however, a steady resistance to 'frivolity' in the puritanical household that played so large a part in the development of the capitalist system of business (see Weber's *Protestant Ethic*). This retarded the spread of leisure to the employee and directed the mind of the employer towards serious literary and scientific interest. Reading increased. The novel, at first merely tolerated on weekdays, presently, under a false claim of edification, invaded the Sabbath. The state of affairs for the employee in the early nineteenth century is shown in Samuel Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*. His poor poverty-struck shopman works intolerable hours and has no form of leisure occupations at all, except dressing up 'above his station' and going for a walk on Sunday, pretending to be a gentleman. 'Going for a walk' was an impor-

tant phase in the life of everyone who could afford t time in the serious nineteenth century. It was health it was not frivolous. A hundred years ago it was t chief relaxation of the university student and the unive sity don. All the country round Oxford and Cambridg was dotted with intent, wide-striding men. Sport, a an integral factor in university life, had still to come.

The onset of the annual 'holidays' in civilized li would be matter for an interesting special mongraph In the Middle Ages the migratory urge, which has neve been altogether eliminated from the human make-up found a relief in pilgrimages. We do not know wha proportion of the population went on pilgrimages o how often they went. Nor do we know the quantitative proportion of pilgrims in the world of Islam to-day The German student and the German artisan have a mediaeval knapsack tradition, but the latter wandered not so much for fun as to find work as a journeyman and settle down ultimately for good. For the bulk of people there was nothing like 'the holidays' of the modern community, until the dawn of the railway era. Restless souls answered the call of the seas, of overseas adventure and of emigration. Lively lads enlisted or ran away to sea. For the most part, these restless souls went for good and never returned. Ordinary folk stayed where they were from start to finish. Samuel Warren's draper got no holidays, and had he got holidays he would have been hard put to it to find where to go. But people in prosperous strata above were already observing a seasonal migration to 'town' and the 'spa'

in the seventeenth century. Directly the railways arrived, this fashion spread down into the middle classes. The railways, assisted by the introduction of excursion trains, truly 'supplied a long felt need.' Now the whole working world takes holiday and our encyclopaedia would have long histories of the seaside resort, of the battle against mixed bathing and against modern relaxations of costume, of the development of winter sport, of mountaineering and tourism. It would be a continuous unfolding of freedom and refreshment, of new methods of catering and attraction, and on the whole it would be a very cheerful and encouraging history.

And, moreover, this great extension of leisure and this very considerable development of leisure occupations bear very importantly upon the economic and social difficulties. The primary needs of mankind, we have shown, are being satisfied by a smaller and smaller proportion of workers. Therefore, unless the standard of life rises, there must be a steadily growing proportion of the population unable to earn money, without spending power, and therefore without the ability, unless some form of 'dole' steps in, to get and consume even their primary needs. By shortening hours, introducing more and more holidays, cutting down the working life at both ends, this surplus of unemployed workers may be reduced. But if also the standard of life for the primary productive workers rises by the development of leisure occupations, amusements, holidays and entertainments, there will not only be an increase of the numbers

—or at any rate a check upon the shrinkage of t
numbers employed in primary production—but also
new world of secondary employment will open up th
may at last become as great a spectacle of activities
the old. This, indeed, without a revised currency cred
system and a secure world pax, will not solve all th
present perplexities of mankind, but it is a factor of ver
great importance indeed. Want more, live more fully
is the command of the new civilization; enjoy that other
may also serve and enjoy.

From *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankin*

IX. WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

SINCE we now find ourselves fighting, enduring and dying for 'democracy', it seems worth while to ask for some clear definition of what democracy means, so that we can not only fight for it, but be prepared to see that in the end we get it. When you question people closely in the matter, you will encounter a considerable variety of answers, but you will find as you sort them out and arrange them that they do tend to converge and point in a common direction. There is a vital intention beneath the endless misuses and perversions of the word.

Towards what do these diverse statements converge? What is the reality, implicit and potential, that gives its living, present appeal to the word *democracy*?

Two words that will come out very frequently in the definitions that are given you are 'freedom' and 'liberty'. Frequent, but not quite so frequent, are such phrases as the 'right' of individuals and communities to 'self-government'. A few people will make a vote the symbol of democracy. But all of them can be brought into agreement that democracy means the subordination of the state to the ends and welfare of the common individual. Very prevalent is an attitude of negation. Democracy, it is declared, is an *anti* movement. It demands the protection of the individual life from the state. It is anti-Fascist, anti-Nazi, anti-Com-

munistic, anti-war—since there is no liberty in a state siege—it is the denial of the right of the state organisatio to interfere in the life of the common individual excep for the common convenience and with the commo consent.

All this is matter of general agreement, but in a these phrases there is an element of idealistic over-state ment, and as soon as we attempt to bring them int effective contact with the realities of life, we find our selves involved in some of the standing controversies tha have exercised humanity since human thought and dis cussion began. We are reminded that there is no such thing as absolute freedom or absolute servitude. Limit less freedom, anarchy, would be a world of chaotic conduct, ruled only by impulse, a jungle life. All free dom in any society is conditional; it is a compromise; it implies 'rules of the game', that is to say, law. Behind all actual social behaviour there is the suggestion of a defined give-and-take, a 'social contract'. The social contract may vary between the extremes of a contract of blind obedience on the one hand and a contract to undertake no collective action whatever without a plebiscite, an entirely impracticable subordi nation of the law to mass impulse, on the other. Between these extremes and with a declared bias for conscious, free, individual action whenever it is practicable, this *democracy* falls.

Now the desire for conscious, free, individual action is innate in the normal human being. But it can be inhibited by fear of known or unknown consequences,

by indolence and following the drift, and by a complex of infantile dispositions to imitate and obey. The herd instinct is very strong in the immature human animal. It will follow a leader or stampede like a cow, and find great relief from perplexity in doing so. The preference of democracy for the practical maximum of conscious, free, individual action requires a justification beyond the mere faltering desire in our hearts to 'stand up, look heaven in the face and be a man'.

For the normal man, unrestrained democracy is a very exacting way of living indeed. It asks too much of his natural resources. In a thousand situations even a wise or able man many find himself unable to decide upon the line of action that is fairly the best for himself and also the best for the general good, and in ten thousand he will find a fatal delay in his decisions. For that reason, a detailed, comprehensive, agreed-upon, accessible and understandable system of laws, which are really rules for behaviour in predigested situations, is a necessary preliminary condition for a modern democracy. A taxi-cab tariff or the rule of the road or a minimum wage is a convenient elementary instance of the way in which conscious, free, individual action is set aside to the general benefit in a modern democratic community. We extend that principle nowadays to rates of interest and inordinate profits, to the acquisition of land and many forms of property and to an increasing number of ordinary transactions. Our modern democratic community would frustrate its own declared aims without a complete, detailed, legal framework enforced by a judi-

ciary and a police acting strictly under the law. The man who in a breath will say 'I am a democrat' and also 'I am a rebel' is simply a fool.

The contrast between democracy and the forms of community with which it is generally contrasted lies essentially in this reliance upon law. In a democracy a man does or should know, or should be easily able to ascertain, exactly 'where he stands', what he must do, what he may do, what cannot be done, and he should be able to say with the utmost confidence, 'You be damned', to any illegal order or request. The laws that restrain and protect him have received his implicit or expressed consent, and he has a reasonable right to attempt to alter them if he finds them uncongenial, but until they are altered they must be respected by all, small or great, in the community. The President or ruling assembly is as much bound by the law as the meanest citizen.

On the other hand, the dictatorships and undemocratic social organisations generally, subject a large part of the common man's activities to uncovenanted restrictions, interference and compulsion. It is plainly contrary to the spirit of democracy that a man should sell himself into slavery or bind himself indefinitely to unquestioning obedience. The care of democracy for freedom extends to the protection of a man from his own desperate necessity. No democracy would tolerate Esau's bargain. Most existing dictatorships, indeed, claim a sort of legality based upon some forced plebiscite, some snatched election. But your enquiries will make it plain that the

consent of the governed in a democracy can never be a finally silenced and irrevocable consent. It must be *a continuing consent.* It must be subject to sustained revision and renewal. From the point of view of democracy all absolutisms are illegal, and resistance to their commands is as justifiable as resistance to any less general hold-up or act of violence.

This fundamental legalism of democracy has been and is a deterrent to swift collective action, and the history of human government is very largely a history of attempts to reconcile the bickering gradualism of legal and deliberative government under democratic conditions with the needs of special emergencies. Before flood, fire, pestilence, earthquake, war, and especially in war, men have had to relinquish their liberty of individual action more or less completely to a higher command of some sort with unqualified immediate powers. The original 'dictators' of the Roman system were essentially legal officials, and one of the primary riddles of human society has been the resumption of power by the community at the end of a period of crisis. A democracy needs to be in a state of perpetual vigilance against the specialist. From Caesar to the present day democracy has been trapped into one-man tyrannies by crises.

But historical analogies are always misleading, and modern crises become more and more elaborate affairs and less and less controllable by single individuals. None of these modern dictatorships has yet been tried out in a sustained war. It is at least highly doubtful whether the vast communities of to-day, if they are able to

develop a class of competent public servants, with a co-operative morale and a sense of public criticism, may not attain an efficiency and a toughness far beyond that of a system subjected to the freaks and inspirations of a single individual. But they must work in the light. They must work with the distinctive freedom and the conscious individual co-operation of a team of football players, and they must be subjected to the continual criticism of an understanding public opinion with unlimited freedom of expression and with an ultimate, if deferred, right of intervention.

This conception of the superior flexibility and efficiency of free teamwork, as against dictatorially planned work, is very attractive to the democratically-minded, but it may easily be exaggerated. For example, Tom Wintringham in his *English Captain* lays great stress on the technical superiority of free men, inspired by a common idea, over the conscript soldiers of a dictatorship. He was in the fortunate position of leading a battalion of English volunteers, exceptionally intelligent and enthusiastic, picked men who wanted to fight, who were keen to fight and unanimous at least in their hostility to the Franco pronunciamento. Of such individuals, unanimous for the services that engage them, an enlightened democracy should no doubt consist. But when one turns to the story Major José Martín Blásquez tells in *I helped to build an Army*, of the internal struggles and indiscipline of the defenders of the republic, one realises that practical freedom of initiative may achieve the most disastrous confusion.

There is indeed no guarantee of either immediate or ultimate victory in democracy. On that we must insist. There is no inherent magic successfulness in democratic freedom. Democratic freedom may be much more vulnerable than slavery, less easy both to attain and maintain. It may be that few or none of us realise yet the full price that may have to be paid for it.

None the less it is only through the attainment of a real world democracy that there is any hope for the ultimate survival of our species.

In many of the replies one will receive to the demand for a clear definition of democracy, one will get some reference to that magnificent outbreak of the common-sense of mankind, the first French Revolution. That remains still a cardinal event in the history of human liberation. It was not the beginning of the liberation, but it was its most outstanding assertion. The democracy of America, the radicalism of Britain in its most vigorous phase, derived plainly from that French initiative. And since in those days titles and privileges were the most conspicuous infringements of men's liberties, democracy from the outset would have none of them; it was equalitarian without qualification. It was republican, it denied and repudiated any form of class rule whatever—and wherever it is still in health it remains republican and equalitarian.

But conditions in eighteenth-century France were peculiar in the fact that then the conspicuous offence against human liberty was class privilege. For many people in those days the possession of private property

was a means of independence, freedom of ownership seemed a reasonable provision for democratic liberty, and only a few realised that, released from class tyranny, the free play of proprietorship may create advantages and disadvantages as wide and socially wasteful, as subject to 'abuses', as the class privileges of the older regime. Throughout the first revolutionary period the spirit of democracy found itself puzzled, mocked and frustrated by economic inequality. Men freed from the tyranny of privileges found themselves oppressed by a tyranny of advantages. The common man, theoretically free and independent, discovered himself in the grip of an expanding economic system that made free competitive employment only another form—and to many it seems a scarcely preferable form—of serfdom. Political equality by itself proved in practice to be no equality at all.

Accordingly, when we pursue our enquiries into the meaning of democracy to-day, we find a definite cleavage from this point onward in the replies to the question of 'What is democracy?' An increasing number will be forced to agree that collective economic controls, 'Industrial Democracy', as Beatrice Webb first phrased it very happily, in her study of co-operation (1891), constitute a necessary completion of the democratic proposition. A dwindling minority clings to the private profit system as the logical method of the sturdy individualism of the revolution. But the general implication of modern democracy is that unrestrained economic advantage can be an even graver infringement of human liberty than privilege. Modern democracy is not only legalism and

equalitarianism; it is socialism. It sets its face against all abuse of the advantages of ownership.

Democracy is socialism, and also, by a natural extension of its equalitarianism as the problem of world law becomes urgent, it is cosmopolitan. Almost tacitly democracy has accepted and assimilated the necessity that law must be world law and equally protective of every individual human being.

So far as cosmopolitanism goes, modern democracy reverts to far older revolts of human commonsense against racial, national and class distinctions. Since the rise of Buddhism there has been hardly any broad religious initiative that has not at least paid lip service to this idea which, in Christianity for example, is incorporated in the formula of an impartial divine fatherhood and an equal brotherhood of man. In *The Outline of History* the association of cosmopolitanism with theocrasia and the appearance of the syncretic universal religions is traced. There was a double impulse from below and from above; the desire of the expanding empires to fuse local particularisms into a larger order under the God Emperor was in accordance with the craving of normal commonsense to escape from the irksomeness of obviously artificial estrangements. Dr. T. J. Haarhoff, quoting W. W. Tarn's *Alexander and the Unity of Mankind*, declares that Alexander ' was the pioneer of one of the supreme revolutions in the world outlook, the first man known to us who contemplated the brotherhood of man or the unity of mankind '. This is an exaggeration of a significant fact. Cosmopolitanism, universal brotherhood,

has indeed been appearing and reappearing in human thought for at least the past four and twenty centuries like sunshine trying to break through a cloudy sky.

Now the 'democracy' that found its expression in the first French Revolution, the American Revolution and the liberal movement throughout the world, was not only incomplete upon the economic side and had, later and with difficulty, to become socialist in order to preserve its liberating intention, but also it was very sketchy and indefinite in the matter of education.

This was due to the fact that the ideology of the Great Revolution was essentially middle-class in its origins. It sprang from a social stratum already educated and so satisfied with the sufficiency of its general education and so accustomed to a supply of books and pamphlets that it did not realise that there was anything exceptional in the knowledge and freedom of thought it enjoyed. It did not even apprehend its immense and immediate obligations to the Encyclopaedists in organising its ideas. It took their contribution for granted. It launched its generous proposition of universal equality indeed, but not only did it fail to realise the need to ensure freedom from economic pressure, but also it neglected to organise the education of the community as one whole. The American Revolution, in this respect, with, for example, its provision of State universities, seems to have been ahead of the French. Nevertheless it took the better part of a century for democracy to realise, even to a limited extent, the third vital implication of its demand for liberty, equality and fraternity,

which was the free and necessary universal education of the democratic community to a common level of understanding and co-operation. Communities in which every mentally normal citizen can at least read and write have existed for less than a century. Communities in which the common education rises much above that level do not yet exist.

That freedom and equality are incomplete without freely accessible knowledge and free and open discussion is a necessary completion of the democratic idea, but it is one upon which the enquirer into the meaning of democracy will get the least assurance. If he asks leading questions, he will get a general admission that universal education and sound, ample information upon every matter of collective concern are necessary elements in the democratic proposition, but unless he himself introduces the matter he will hear very little insistence upon this vital completion of the democratic ideal.

He will indeed encounter a certain amount of impatience if he stresses this matter. Ordinary people resent being told that they are under-educated or wrongly educated. To the common man and woman today, prepared though their minds seem to be now for a socialist cosmopolis of a quite generous type, education still means just any old education, and news is what a press run entirely for profit and political and social ends, and (in the British system) a government-controlled radio, choose to tell them. It is the education they have grown up to, and so far they have not been awakened to its insufficiency. They want to carry out

these new conceptions of life at that level. To rai
that level seems to them irksome and uncalled for.

It is still possible therefore for the equalitarian impul
to be effectively frustrated in practice by deliberate an
systematic mis-education and mis-information. Th
common man and woman know now in general tern
and pretty definitely what they want, but they still d
not know how to state and demand what they wan
Private enterprise is able to defend its appropriatio
quite effectively, because it owns the press almost entirel
the news agencies and the distributing trades, and so
can distort values and distract the public from crucia
issues in the boldest fashion. There is no countervailin
equipment of the public mind in the common school
These are essentially conservative institutions, adaptin
the common man to the social order in which he find
himself, preparing him for that state of life to which h
has been called, and giving him no reasonable intima
tion of the great drama of change in which he has t
play his part. As we have shown, the whole mechanism
of modern life demands organised collective control. Th
stars in their courses will not suffer the world scrambl
of exploitation, that wasted so much human possibilit
in the nineteenth century, to go on. Our species canno
afford it under any conditions. But in face of the essen
tial ignorance of the modern ' democratic ' community
the enterprising owner, the profiteer, that is to say, ca
keep his grip upon his advantages far more effectivel
than he can in the face of a dictator with unqualifie
powers. He can resist socialisation far more effectively

Against the capitalist's obstructive power the wilfulness of the dictator is able to operate far more vigorously than the will of the under-educated, ill-informed and suggestible ' democracies '. So that in certain ways the dictatorships have undoubtedly been able to get ahead of the ' democratic ' states. They have gone further on the way to socialisation. While the industrial exploiter or the rich man struggles to keep his grip on the recalcitrant worker below, the dictator of the totalitarian state takes him firmly by the collar. Wealth finds itself handled with an extraordinary disrespect. Dictatorships imply collectivism. They are forced to collectivism in the face of bargaining wealth and the uneasy claims of their own supporters. They are forced towards a comprehensive efficiency. The only effective response to totalitarian collectivism on the part of a freedom-seeking community is a scientifically planned and directed socialism.

From the economic point of view, the whole difference now between the reality of dictatorship and the ideal of democracy, when it is worked out to its practical completion, is the difference between socialisation in the dark, with all the progressive corruption, appropriation and inefficiency that spring up in the dark, and socialisation in the light of an alert and implemented public opinion; between socialisation by compulsion or socialisation by enlightened consent.

From the point of view of the individual, the difference is one between a deadening servitude and a continual participating enlargement of responsible life. No exist-

ing institutions coming to us from the past can represe democracy as it is thus conceived; it is a far bolder thru towards a new order than any of these adventurer syster that stand in its path.

If now we fill in the gaps in the current conception democracy by insisting upon complete education equalitarianism, if we dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s that a still undotted and uncrossed, if we transcend any accepte contemporary rendering of the idea, then 'democracy does indeed become a very magnificent conception of new life for man.

If democracy means economic justice and the attain ment of that universal sufficiency that science assures u is possible to-day; if democracy means the intense possible fullness of knowledge for everyone who desire to know and the greatest possible freedom of criticism and individual self-expression for anyone who desires t object; if democracy means a community saturated wit the conception of a common social objective and with a educated will like the will of a team of football players t co-operate willingly and understandingly upon tha objective; if democracy means a complete and unifie police control throughout the world, to repress the finan cial scramble and gangster violence which constitut the closing phase of the sovereign state and private owner ship system; then we have in democracy a conceptio of life for which every intelligent man and woman o earth may well be prepared to live, fight or die, as cir cumstances may require.

But that rounded-off and completed realisation o

democracy is still only establishing itself against great resistances in the human mind. It is not as yet established there. And still less is it established as the guiding faith of any political or social organisation whatever.

From *The Outlook for Homo Sapiens.*

NOTES

I. COLLEGE EDUCATION

This is a selection from the seventh essay in *The Salvaging of Civilization*, published in 1921, entitled *College, Newspaper and Book*. Wells always felt that a new world order had to be based on a wide-thinking, wide-ranging education. An educational system that could develop a better intelligentsia had to be devised. Ours was a vile world because it was an uneducated world, and only education could take us right out of a world thwarted by shortages and an angry scrambling for power.

After pointing out the basic need for education among civilized men, Wells goes on to say that education is a continuing, life-long process. It has different stages and of this the college stage is important in as much as it is ' a preparatory pause and inspection of the whole arena of life'. After speaking about the extra-curricular, informal part of college life and its importance, he stresses the need to centralize our best teaching, and to minimise the dependence on lectures, remembering, with Carlyle, that ' the modern university is a university of books'.

Samaria: ancient district of Palestine, inhabited by a people who were partly of Jewish blood.

Professor Breasted: James Henry Breasted (1865–1935), American historian and orientalist, author of *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt.*

concomitant: accompaniment.

Professor Huxley: Thomas Henry Huxley (1825–1895),

scientist, humanist and agnostic thinker, who is known his championship of Darwin and his theory regarding evolution of the human species.

Professor Judd: John Wesley Judd (1840–1916), geolog who was for some time professor at the Royal College Science.

William Morris: (1834–1896), poet and craftsman, who foun ed the Socialist League, and wrote and lectured a gre deal in support of his Socialist views.

Individualism: a system of thought advocating freedom action on the part of the individual without the interferen of the state.

Gladstone: William Ewart Gladstone (1809–1898), the gre British Liberal statesman of the latter part of the 19 century, who was Prime Minister of England four times.

Home Rule: the term applied to the establishment of a sep rate Irish parliament within the framework of the Briti Empire. Gladstone favoured the idea and twice tri unsuccessfully to get bills supporting it passed by the Britis Parliament.

Bradlaugh: Charles Bradlaugh (1833–1891), free thinker an radical politician, who was a pronounced atheist.

Atheism: disbelief in, or the denial of, the existence of God.

Collectivist Socialism: Socialism which advocates the collectiv ownership of land and means of production.

Guild Socialism: a movement advocating the nationalizatio of industry and its administration by trade unions.

Carlyle: Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), historian and bio grapher, who wrote colourful prose and whose works wer marked by nobility of conception. Famous among ther are *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*, *The French Revolution* an *Frederick the Great.*

NOTES

Questions

1. What are Wells's views on adult learning?
2. What is the importance of the college stage in education?
3. What has Wells to say about the informal part of college life?
4. How does Wells stress the idea that college education must be unprejudiced?
5. What are Wells's views on the part lectures should play in college education?
6. What is the significant part books can play in college education?

Essay

Discuss H. G. Wells's views on college education.

II. THE PROBABLE FUTURE OF MANKIND

This is a judicious selection from the first essay in the volume, *The Salvaging of Civilization*, published in 1921. It appeared originally in the magazine, *The Review of Reviews*. It was prompted by the need to salvage our civilization already wrecked by political ambition and subterfuge.

Wells had been deeply agitated by the First World War which set him thinking about the future of mankind. He became prey to a sense of gloom. In this essay he puts forward the idea of a World State as the only hope of salvation, and presents his ideas as to how it should be organized. What is offered is not discursive criticism or haphazard grumbling, but certain fundamental propositions for an ordered, constructive project, well within the limits of man's abilities and opportunities.

the comparatively untouched American world: The United State of America entered the First World War on the side of th Allies only in April 1917.

the European Great Powers: Great Britain, France and Ger many.

League of Nations: the international organization for th prevention of war, established in 1920, with its headquar ters at Geneva in Switzerland. Its objects were to brin about international cooperation for world peace and col lective security, and to replace war by arbitration.

Mongols: a yellow race of Central Asia, largely nomadic In the 13th century, they conquered large portions of Asia including China, Persia and India.

cataclysm: political and social upheaval, causing untold destruction.

camouflaged: disguised effectively.

orbis terrarum: (Latin) the whole world.

human commonweal: common welfare of all humanity.

the Armistice of 1918*:* the cease-fire on November 11, 1918, which ended the First World War.

sequelae: (Latin) after-effects. Here the morbid aftermath of the war.

to render....mankind: not to place his loyalty to an autocratic government above what he owes to God and to mankind. The reference is to Christ's saying, 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.'

This little....Balfourian....gentility: This organisation which is based on principles and ideals such as Balfour believed in. Arthur James, Earl of Balfour (1848–1930), Prime Minister of Britain from 1902 to 1905, played an important part in the peace conference after the First World War.

7. What does Wells mean by saying that democracy is socialism?
8. How does Wells evaluate the relative effects of the French Revolution and the American Revolution?
9. What is the pressing need for education in a democracy?
10. In what sense have dictatorships been more successful than democracies?

Essay

What, according to H. G. Wells, are the necessary and significant characteristics of a stable democracy?

ಗ್ರಂಥಾಲಯ
ಕನ್ನಡ ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯ - ಹಂಪಿ
ವಿದ್ಯಾರಣ್ಯ

ವರ್ಗೀಕರಣ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ : 823.912 WEL

ಪರಿಗ್ರಹಣ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ : 107641

ವರ್ಗೀಕರಣ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಕ್ಷ 823.912 WEL
H.G. WELLS

Rs 4.85